THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

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# Politicians and the Bombs

THE Labour Party has sensibly decided to call for a suspension of Britain's H-bomb tests pending fresh negotiations. To acquiesce in the tests would be to accept as inevitable an arms race in which Britain, the most vulnerable of all countries, must be a certain loser; if it continues, it will ultimately be fatal to mankind. To demand, on the other hand, that we should forgo all our tests unilaterally and unconditionally, has the disadvantage of throwing away our one bargaining counter. That is the issue which had to be decided; and the decision was primarily political, not scientific.

Indeed, scientific pronouncements, in a field where very few can even understand the meaning of the words used, often serve only to confuse those who are already troubled in mind and conscience—as all thoughtful people must be about problems of defence. Mr. Macmillan used science effectively in this manner in last Monday's debate. Critically examined, his scientific remarks did not support his case. They are in fact something of a boomerang. Since any great nuclear explosion can be detected, it is difficult to believe that an "undetectable" bomb would be militarily important or worth testing. But there is a further fallacy in Mr. Macmillan's argument: it was his claim that an undetectable bomb can now be made which led him to tell us that he hopes to reach agreement for the policing of limited tests. If it were true that they do not automatically announce themselves—that is, if they can no longer be regarded as self-policing—then, Mr. Macmillan suggests, we must arrange a way of policing limited tests. But if you can police limited tests, obviously you can police all tests. So he can no longer plead the inability to police tests as an effective argument against a disarmament agreement. As for the biological horrors of radio-activity, nobody, including Mr. Macmillan, knows what they are. The view that no genetic harm occurs until an undefined level of radio-activity is reached, is acknowledged by scientists to be no more than guess-work. Many of them hold, with the Japanese, that the contamination of fish and other foods that they eat involves deaths in the next generation—and probably permanent damage to children yet unborn. It is a fair charge against the scientists in this matter that, uncertain themselves, they allow the uninstructed to take as gospel things about which they are ready, privately, to admit themselves ignorant.

All talk of "clean" and "safe" bombs is dangerous nonsense. The pretence that we can make H-bombs which do not threaten all our lives is the military way of lulling the world into a sense of security. Before long we shall be talking of H-bombs as "conventional weapons," as we already talk of atomic weapons. How long in that case will it be before other powers—West Germany, for instance—will be able to establish their right to make and test bombs—which, after all, will then be part of normal armaments? Then, indeed, the moment for any disarmament agreement, which no military mind ever takes seriously, will have passed. The moment for this country to opt out of this fantastic death race, and to initiate a general refusal to continue it, is now.

What happens to a statesman like our present Prime Minister that he cannot see this? Even on the lowest propagandist level he must know that Russia daily gains advantage. Tory spokesmen, and even some Labour people, who are blind to the realities of the world, suggest that in some way Britain adds to its prestige and its independence by possessing and testing H-bombs. Precisely the opposite is the case. The Soviet Union is able, throughout the vast territories that border the Indian and Pacific Oceans, to boast that it offers to refrain from all tests and to negotiate the end of nuclear warfare. Because we dismiss these offers as propaganda, Moscow can continue its own H-bomb tests and say with a straight face that it only does so because we refuse to abandon ours. If we postpone our tests pending negotiations, we shall have taken an all-important first step: the world might then begin to believe that our verbal support of disarmament is not a pack of lies.

# Comments on the Week's News

## Strike Suspended

The leaders of the engineering and shipbuilding unions had to take a difficult tactical decision on Tuesday. Though the card vote in favour of suspending the strikes while the courts of inquiry sit showed a comfortable majority, this majority rested solely on the vote of the A.E.U. which was swung for suspension by the casting ballot of the union's president, Mr. Carron. This means, in effect, that most of the union leaders wished to go on with the strike. For the A.E.U., the union that is most heavily committed, the question must have hinged upon the burden of strike pay—which would run at about one million pounds a week. If the strikes were not called off now, they would have to be kept up for at least another two weeks while the courts considered their evidence and reports. By that time, both the A.E.U. members and the union's strike fund would have reached the point where a longer strike would have meant real hardship and difficulty, and it would have been hard to go on if the courts of inquiry reached proposals which the unions could not accept. As it is, the strikes could be resumed if the courts fail to offer a settlement which goes beyond the offer the employers made last week. The other unions—and, in this case, Mr. Cousins swung the Transport and General Workers alongside the smaller skilled unions—clearly felt that they were now in a strong bargaining position and that it would be difficult to get the men out for a second time. Despite this tactical disagreement, it would be foolish to interpret the suspension as a defeat for the unions. They managed to secure an offer from the employers—the main point at issue—and they have secured official inquiries about the size of their claim. This has been done, moreover, without causing too much disruption in industry and without antagonising public opinion. The ball has now been passed to Professor Jacks and his two colleagues. Their problem is not so much to decide the amount of the wage advance, but to determine conditions for it upon which both sides can agree. The employers are insistent that any cash increase must be matched by a guarantee that there will be a wage-freeze for at least 18 months, and by an agreement to relax trade union practices. Here is the real difficulty. Though the unions are willing to talk about changes in working practices, this problem has to be settled by elaborate consultation down to the local level—and the machinery for that simply does not exist.

## Set-back for Malta

It was always doubtful whether a Conservative government could summon sufficient imagination to embrace the plan for the integration of Malta with the British Isles. It was Attlee's intuition which produced a round-table conference; the opposition had to lead the Commons to accept the scheme; now the present government has virtually murdered the tender infant entrusted to its care. Conservative ministers could not bring themselves to accept the basic principle underlying the policy of integration. This is no different from that which motivates every other colonial people. The overriding concern of the Maltese is status—the determination to achieve equal status which alone, they believe, can bring self-respect. This involves both political freedom—on which the government was prepared to satisfy Mintoff's demands—and economic equality. Barred from obtaining equal status through national sovereignty, they chose to join the British nation. Politically they would then achieve equality, through self-government on the island and representation at Westminster; economically through the gradual absorption into the British economy. It is through disagreement on the latter issue that the negotiations have foundered this week. H.M.G. has insisted that it could do no more than "help" Malta towards a more buoyant economy, which must bear the weight of better wages and social services. It has in fact thus applied the Tory principle that social benefits can only accrue from business success and have no relation to needs. But Dom Mintoff always understood integration to mean membership of the family, not trust at the back-door. He could compromise on relating wages to economic effort. He refused to ask his people to pay increased contributions without securing a parallel increase in their social benefits. This is surely a principle without which integration would be an empty shell. Mintoff may at times be an exasperating negotiator, but in this case the Colonial Office have shown regrettable ineptitude. At the most delicate stage they submitted compromise proposals one morning, withdrew them the same evening and followed them with an ultimatum. Such treatment is hardly conducive to agreement, still less to assurance of equal status.

Mintoff is now faced with a difficult choice. He is unfortunate in negotiating when British defence cuts run concurrently with disinflation, but the Maltese cannot be expected to appreciate this situation so long as they are not regarded as part of the British family. Nothing would be easier than to lead the people of Malta into a menacing, anti-British mood. We hope that Mintoff will resist this temptation and hold fast to his imaginative concept—even if it means superhuman patience. The Labour Party can help by making it plain that to them, whether in opposition or government, integration means nothing less than equal citizenship.

## Fog on the Canal

It is still not clear whether we can hope for an early resumption of negotiations on the Suez Canal. For the moment, as Mr. Macmillan announced on Monday, British ships are being "advised" not to use the Canal, and he claimed that the American government was taking a similar line. But it is already obvious that the Bermuda talks failed to stiffen the American attitude. At his Tuesday press conference Mr. Dulles said that the only pressure America was prepared to bring to bear on Egypt was to continue to freeze Egypt's $40 million assets; America had no business to talk about a blockade; after all, she was not economically dependent on the Canal, and it was up to those states who were to take action. It was precisely this attitude on Mr. Dulles's part which led to Sir Anthony Eden's increasing exasperation and the eventual explosion. Meanwhile, the Egyptian authority is denying access to ships which refuse to pay all dues, in dollars, on the spot; and an increasing number of British shipowners, who are not prepared to suffer the economic consequences of accepting Mr. Macmillan's advice, are registering their ships under foreign flags. The latest Egyptian proposals, which mark a serious retreat from the October "six principles," are regarded as totally inadequate by the British government. They were also criticised by Mr. Dulles, who has sent the Egyptian government a memorandum suggesting modifications; but to judge by the tone of his press conference, he does not expect that anything will come of it. A further Egyptian move is expected this week-end, but it is unlikely materially to alter the three-fold choice open to Britain: to accept Egypt's terms (difficult for political reasons), to boycott the Canal (impossible for economic reasons), or to negotiate. Since Egypt has already made it quite clear that she is unwilling to resume the tripartite negotiations which the outbreak of hostilities interrupted, the U.N. now provides the only framework in which they can take place, and through which we might still obtain the relatively favourable terms which were within our reach before we resorted to force.

## India and the Commonwealth

America's decision to join the military committee of the Baghdad Pact has increased tension between India and Pakistan; it has also strengthened the hand of those Indians who have been arguing, ever since the Anglo-French invasion of Suez and the U.N. resolution on Kashmir, that India should leave the Commonwealth. Aneurin Bevan added his voice to that of Mr. Nehru when he told the Indian parliament that this step would be a profound blunder, damaging to India as well as to Britain. What has India to gain by leaving the Commonwealth at the moment when it is being transformed? Nehru has been quick to see the immense implications of the presence of Nkrumah as a colleague at the next Commonwealth conference. As an uncommitted country, India's position is doubly advantageous. Nothing prevents Delhi from establishing ties with countries within the Communist bloc while remaining inside the Commonwealth. Last week's most important event in Delhi was the visit of the Polish Premier who signed a joint statement with Nehru reaffirming the "five principles"; urging the end of nuclear tests as the first step towards disarmament; expressing satisfaction at the withdrawal of invading forces from Egyptian territory and pledging support for Peking as a member of the United Nations. A cultural agreement was also signed; India has already made such agreements with Turkey, Indonesia, Japan and Iraq.

## Caribbean or Continental?

All nine seats in the British Honduras election have been won by the People's United Party. But this is not the same P.U.P. which won the election three years ago. Last autumn the party split and its main leaders, including the First Minister, Leigh Richardson, left the party and formed the Honduras Independent Party. The central issue of the split was corruption, for it had been shown in court that hurricane relief funds had been misappropriated. The election, however, was not fought on the issue of public morality, although Leigh Richardson and his colleagues no doubt hoped that the electorate would repudiate the attitude of their opponents to public money. As most of the workers of British Honduras saw it, however, the real choice was between association with the West Indies or with South American states, particularly Guatemala. Thus the victory of Mr. George Price, the new leader of the P.U.P., must be interpreted as the decision of a large number of British Hondurans to seek their future in South America rather than in the Caribbean.

### Progress on Obscenity

To attempt the reform of the obscenity laws by statute, instead of leaving it to the judges to say what each generation ought to read, seems to have daunted everyone for years as a task of great legal difficulty. The latest and by far the most promising example, the Obscene Publications Bill, which was drafted by the Society of Authors, has now gone to be considered by a Select Committee of the Commons, whose terms of reference are to be the bill itself and nothing else. This committee will have government assistance in "trying to make the bill workable"; and if it has not finished its deliberations by the end of the session, it will be reconstructed at the beginning of the next and continue from the point at which it left off. In proposing the Select Committee as an earnest of the government's desire to help, Mr. Simon, the Home Office Under-Secretary, said that, although this step is sometimes necessary to deal with complicated public bills, it is a long time since a private member's bill achieved such a distinction. The bill's prospects therefore seem bright. There was general agreement in the House that, as this journal has always urged, "intent" must be reintroduced as an essential element in the offence of publishing obscene matter, that a book must in future be considered as a whole and not condemned as "obscene" on the strength of isolated passages; that the reactions of the 14-year-old schoolgirl must no longer be the sacred test; and that the publisher and author must always have a right—whatever the difficulty of making it available—to be heard in defence of their books.

# News from Our Own Correspondents

## Budapest

### Neither Up Nor Down

*A Correspondent writes:* Five months after the revolution, open lorries laden with troops and police still race through the streets of Budapest. The men are jammed in like cattle, their machine-guns at the ready, but most of them seem to be trying not to look silly in their dutiful effort to be grim about these movements from point A to point B and back again. As I watched the lorries break carefully through dense flows of people at intersections, and a Hungarian companion said to me: "Poor fellows, they have no more notion of where they are going than we have." In all the battle areas workmen are busy. Tons of glass shipped in by the Russians have been set in new shop windows. High on wooden scaffolds bricklayers are patching shell holes with clean pink bricks that show like blotches on old faces. Market stalls are piled high with more food than the people have had since before the war, and long, and not always orderly, queues form early in front of drab and damaged shops. Here people can buy household gadgets and wines and tinned foods. These are now once more in good supply because the Kadar government is seeking to avert new distempers by the filling of revolutionary bellies.

Kadar must be fully aware that he and his colleagues rule as enemies of the people, as men who are hated, for having thwarted the many and varied ambitions of the October revolution. Within his government itself the creatures of the old Rakosi regime, indispensable still to the functioning of every little bureau, again assert their power over the everyday doings of a whole people in a state-planned way of life. The Hungarian people, however, united in their nationalism, are still at violent odds with each other over what they sought in their struggle, some thinking they were killing and dying for a rebirth of a sort of free enterprise, while others sought truer Communism by setting up workers' councils.

Though neither effort came off and everybody appears to be back where he started from (except those in exile or in jail), there are Communist intellectuals who say they feel in the air of the new government a change cautiously favourable to some of the revolutionary demands. Not much; but a little. They predict a policy of slow concession as time ripens, and say: "We used to be 'Socialist realists'"—meaning Socialists to whom realism meant unquestioning discipline of action for the theoretical good of the cause—"but now all of us are 'Socialist naturalists'"—meaning Communists who agree that discipline is perhaps not universally bearable, and that government must, in the last resort, conform to the minimum demands of the governed.

Communists, democratic Socialists, ex-Communists and non-party intellectuals alike, openly discussing politics with me round a table in a Budapest restaurant, were in real disagreement only about their acceptance or rejection of Kadar. Basically, all agreed that the writers, many of whom are now in jail for the leading part they took in evoking revolution, exemplify the dangers of "intellectualism" in a Communist state where the masses are not yet aware of the extent to which reform may be possible and practical in the face of ruling force. All wished that Imry Nagy had succeeded in forming a stable government, but all agreed that he was impossibly naive in attempting to carry Hungary out of the eastern bloc as a neutral state. They add that, under interrogation, Nagy still refuses to say anything, but that the country was rapidly returning to order under his leadership a full day before the second intervention of Russian troops.

## Rome

### Bardot and the Pope

*Our Rome Correspondent writes:* Brigitte Bardot has almost, inadvertently, caused an Italian constitutional crisis. When a film company began to advertise "Miss Strip-Tease," lowly priests and novices who had hitherto appeared resigned to the worldly atmosphere of Rome suddenly noticed that the Bardot contours were an insult to the Eternal City.

Then came the bombshell: the Pope spoke. He protested against the Constitutional Court's abolition of a Fascist law which decreed that street posters should be first submitted to the police for censorship. He reminded the Italian government of the Concordat between the State and the Vatican, and of the clause dealing with the preservation of Rome's sacred character.

Senator Enrico De Nicola, President of the Constitutional Court, then resigned. President of the Republic in 1946, he has been referred to as the "Gandhi of Italian politics." Although his letter of resignation has not been made public it is generally considered that the Senator resigned because of the Vatican's interference in Italy's internal affairs and because of the subsequent attitude of the Italian government and the police authorities who confiscated the Bardot posters and brought charges against the film company.

The reasons, of course, go much further than Miss Strip-Tease. The Italian left (Communists and Nenni Socialists) point out that the political aim of the Pope's speech was of a more general nature and was directed against freedom of conscience and political freedom. The left has taken the opportunity to attack Signor Saragat once more on this occasion, pointing out that the role he plays in the present government injures the democratic state, and reveals that he is more clerical than the clericals.

## Paris

### Mollet and the Fascists

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* On the Champs-Elysées last Saturday afternoon, a few thousand young Fascists succeeded in transforming a veterans' parade into an ugly riot. Chanting anti-semitic slogans, and calling for war against Morocco, they smashed the windows of the editorial offices of *L'Express* and manhandled passers-by who tried to remonstrate with them. There was a similar anti-semitic demonstration on Sunday afternoon, when M. Mollet inaugurated the new Place Léon Blum. The outraged protests of the government at this sudden resurrection of the extreme right wing rather hollow—because the origins of the wave of hysterical patriotism currently sweeping France can be traced to the government's handling of the recent confidence debate in the Assembly. The closing stages of the debate were dominated by attacks on the new Moroccan government for failing to secure the release of two French officers, Captain Moureau and Lieutenant Perrin, allegedly held prisoner by the Moroccan Liberation Army. These attacks were launched, in the first place, by the extreme right, but they were encouraged and amplified by government spokesmen, who employed the subject as a sort of smokescreen to avoid further debate on the conduct of the Algerian war and its economic consequences. Such tactics were not only irresponsible but, in the case of Captain Moureau, downright dishonest. Moureau, a Native Affairs Officer, disappeared in southern Morocco nine months ago, and the government is perfectly well aware that he was killed during an incident in which personal matters played a bigger role than politics. Mollet's object, during the debate, in stressing the government's efforts to secure Moureau's "release," was purely and simply to pacify the right and get his vote of confidence.

But naturally, extreme right-wing elements have seized the opportuinty to call for "strong measures"—if not war—against Morocco. Immediately the subject of French atrocities in Algeria is raised, the cry goes up: "And what about Captain Moureau? Why attack the honour of the French army and remain silent about the crimes of the Arabs?" The government has ruthlessly exploited this new atmosphere of rabid chauvinism to suppress inquiries into the methods used in "pacifying" Algeria. It has represented the recent resignation of the distinguished General, Paris de Bollardière—who objected to the activities of Massu's paratroopers—as a political plot cooked up by the "defeatists," and the Ministry of Defence has gone to great lengths to smear the General's reputation. It is hardly surprising that this ruthless witch-hunt against the supporters of a peaceful settlement in Algeria—the editor of *Témoignage Chrétien* was dragged into court this week—is producing an ominous echo in the streets of Paris.

# Westminster

## Brown Bomber

Labour members were obviously expecting something of a party holiday when Mr. Harold Macmillan opened the Bermuda debate last Monday. Things seemed to be going so badly for the government. It had already slipped abruptly down Mr. Gallup's poll; the engineering and shipbuilding strikes appeared to be growing; the doctors were coming to the boil; Lord Salisbury had boiled over. There was a chance that, either on the decision to release Archbishop Makarios, or on the government's reported intention to pay Suez tolls to Nasser, or on the guided missile agreement with the U.S., which seemed still further to limit our independence, various sections of the party would boil over too. So the Prime Minister was greeted almost in silence by his own supporters, while Labour M.P.s looked like Oxford men watching the start of this year's Boat Race.

The result was not as expected. The Salisbury resignation made surprisingly little stir. Right-wingers mumbled that if the fellow was going to resign he might have done it earlier on better issues; the small secondary school contingent, who resent the kissing ring, were openly pleased because they thought that, without the kingmaker, the government might somehow seem more democratic; and, of course, there was the usual lump of "don't knows." Then Macmillan, so far from announcing submission to Nasser, was able to say that both British and American ships were being advised for the time being to avoid the canal. Though Mr. Dulles now seems to have contradicted the American side of this, the announcement enormously pleased Captain Waterhouse and may have been the chief influence in inducing the hundred or so Tories to withdraw their awkward anti-American motion.

Finally on the H-Bomb tests, Macmillan was able to blind the House, at least temporarily, with science. The fact that his science now seems to have been unsound made it no less effective at the time; for, in their efforts to understand what on earth the man meant, the opposition lost itself in technicalities. Partly because of this, Mr. Gaitskell's reply, unusually, was ineffective—except for his appendage about the latest revelations on Anglo-French collusion with Israel. But Gaitskell's biggest difficulty was not amateur science but Mr. George Brown.

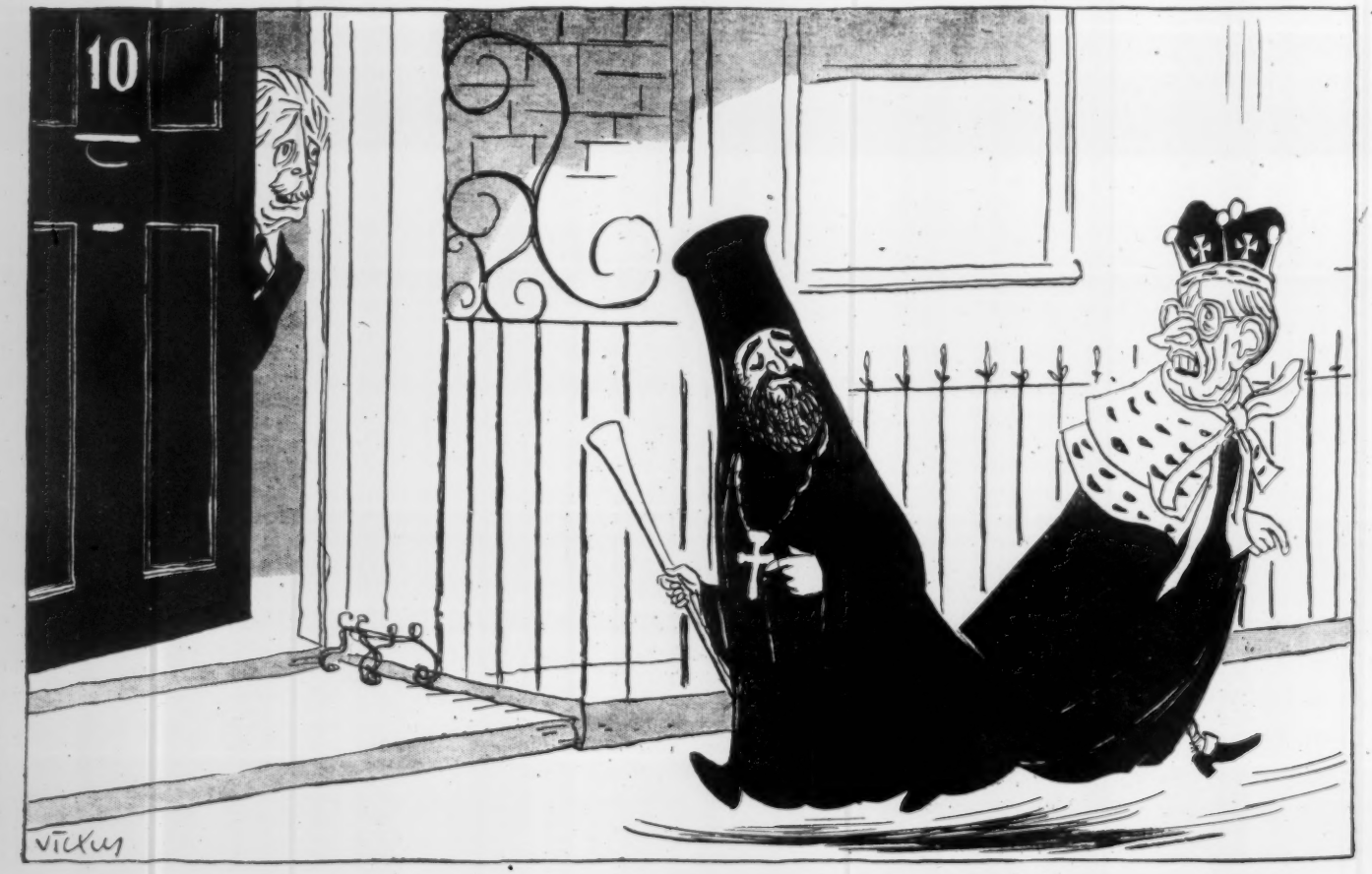
For months Labour members have been discussing H-bomb tests. Should Britain carry out her tests, should she postpone them while working for universal abandonment, or should she abandon hers whatever other nations do? In the previous week Gaitskell himself had pressed the government at once to call a conference designed to end all tests and, presumably, to postpone our own test in the meantime. But there was still no clear party line and the opposition had asked for the Bermuda debate to be postponed until Thursday in the hope that a clear decision would emerge from Wednesday's special party meeting. Despite all this, on the previous Saturday, in an official party political broadcast, Brown committed the party to supporting the tests. Many Labour members were angry that Brown should commit them before they had been consulted. They were angry that the leaders, obviously knowing what Brown intended to say, not as an individual but as official party spokesman, had not restrained him. With all this as background, Gaitskell was in a difficult position on the Monday. He could not easily throw over Brown. He could not wisely give his own line in advance of the party decision in two days' time. He was in the same dilemma which embarrassed Mr. James Griffiths in the Commons' social security debate a few weeks ago.

So, purely in terms of party morale, what on Monday afternoon looked like becoming a Tory rout became by Monday evening an unplanned Labour withdrawal; and on Tuesday Macleod's announcement that, for the time being, the strikes were off brought the government further relief.

Fundamentally in the two days little had altered. Abroad, neither Suez nor Cyprus are settled, nor is there as yet any sign of settlements on which all sections of the Tory party can unite. At home the government is still under middle-class pressure for budget relief, pressure which will be intensified now that the engineers, shipbuilders and railwaymen are likely to get more pay. But if the budget is to be "soft" in hope of keeping the middle-classes in check, what can the government do to keep inflation in check as well?

In face of these dilemmas it seems unimportant that, in the House of Commons, Tory morale should for the moment have begun to rise while Labour's morale falls. Yet it is important. A government with a working majority can only be beaten in the House of Commons. However badly it does, it can run its full term provided it can get its supporters into the lobby; and its ability to get its supporters into the lobby does depend to a considerable extent on the seeming triviality of comparative performance of ministers and opposition front-bench speakers at the despatch box. A performance may be bad because there is no policy behind it, as Labour's was on Monday. But even without a policy it can still be effective, as Macmillan's was. If outsiders are surprised that the House of Commons can be like a public meeting, elated by a speaker who in fact has said nothing worth hearing, outsiders do not know the House of Commons.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU



# Mr. Macmillan Buys Time

MR. MACMILLAN'S tactical success was badly needed by his demoralised party, for his first three months in office have led not to stability but to a crisis. Its poor performance in by-elections has been echoed in the latest opinion polls—and the slide of many Conservative voters into the wilderness of the "don't knows." Its performance in the House has been equally indecisive. During the Suez crisis, Ministers got into the habit of prevaricating because they had something to conceal. Now they fluff and falter because they have nothing to say. They plod through the business of the House without making any impact—Mr. Butler's speech on penal reform is the only positive contribution from the Treasury Bench in all this time—because Mr. Macmillan has given them no sign of what he wants or how he expects them to get it for him. They look to the Cabinet room for guidance on policy, and all they see is dissension. They turn to the backbenches for support, and find their party confused and divided. No wonder the Tories were pleased to catch Labour off-balance. They could, for a moment, forget their own doubts and arguments.

In this crisis, the dramatic resignation of Lord Salisbury is both a symptom of trouble and an additional irritant. It can be shrugged off—this is the line that some Tory commentators have taken—as an act of conscience which is unlikely to be imitated by others. Lord Salisbury, it is said, is an honourable man who has resigned rather than accept the decision to release Archbishop Makarios, but his resignation does not mean that he will organise the Tory extremists against his late colleagues. But his action weakens the government at exactly the point where it is most vulnerable. It is a sign to the discontented right-wingers that, within three months, he has lost confidence in the leader he so glowingly commended to them. They were already uneasy about the course that Mr. Macmillan appeared to be taking, and Lord Salisbury's action has confirmed their doubts. They were prepared to give the new Cabinet time to settle down—the combination of Salisbury and Macmillan seemed a guarantee that it would soon move in the right direction—but they wanted quick results. All they have got is what they consider a surrender in Cyprus, indecision about Suez, a "sell-out" on defence policy at Bermuda, a failure by Mr. Macleod to give solid backing to the employers in their attempt to have a showdown with the engineering unions—and Lord Salisbury's gesture of no confidence.

Aware of all this, Mr. Macmillan had to choose between two lines of approach to Monday's debate. A strong man with a clear objective can go into a critical debate prepared to master both the critics in his own party and the taunts of the opposition. Sir Winston did this on several occasions, and the earlier criticism only made the later praise seem louder. But Mr. Macmillan did not dare bid so high. That kind of parliamentary triumph is beyond his grasp. He therefore chose the opposite approach—one that other Conservative leaders have followed. If the crisis cannot be mastered, pretend that it does not exist. Why, he asked in a puzzled tone, are people so disturbed about the H-bomb tests at Christmas Island? The hazard to health is "insignificant." Is Nasser proving too truculent again? Certainly his terms are "unsatisfactory," but British and American ships have been "advised" to avoid the Canal. Do some say that we finally put the defence of Britain at the mercy of Washington's goodwill? What a harsh way to speak of a good "partner" who will allow us to have complete control of the missiles that will soon arrive—and to provide our own nuclear warheads if we can. Are there rumours of dissension in the Commonwealth? There's nothing that can't be dealt with amicably at a conference this summer. Mr. Macmillan's quiet rhetoric lulled his critics. No matter that the decisions reached at Bermuda in fact add up to very little, and that little already agreed before the "jolly house-party." Time will show that everything is for the best—and, meanwhile, a little trouble about the H-bomb can be stirred up across the floor of the House.

But this respite, bought cheaply enough, will be a short one. This week Mr. Macmillan and his colleagues must choose between the alternative budgets which Mr. Thorneycroft is said to have prepared for them. Hard or soft? Can they, as the *Daily Telegraph* urges, find the "will to live dangerously"? Even if they have the will, it will be hard to reverse a drift which began years ago. They may, it is true, tell Mr. Thorneycroft to strike some minatory poses, to insist that his budget is both sweet and sour, but we have had these "acts of will" before. In foreign affairs, the Tory government has employed them to punctuate the decline of British power and policy. At home, they have been used ineffectively in an attempt to arrest the equally steady decline of the pound. Is there any reason to believe that Mr. Thorneycroft can succeed where others have failed, that he can find the means as well as the will to bring the economy under control—especially as the pressure within his party is directed towards financial concessions to the well-to-do?

Here is the immediate dilemma. A soft budget could mean nothing less than an early election before its inflationary impact could be felt—an election in which the government would be counting upon its ability in the short run to win back the dissident middle-class voters, and also the votes of the more prosperous workers who have been affected by the credit squeeze and by the prospect of the Rents Bill. Such a budget would solve no important problems, except to buy time for Mr. Macmillan. A tough budget on the other hand, could pay no immediate dividends and it might further antagonise the dissidents and abstentionists. The post-war Labour government, in its first years, was able to run the risks of austerity because it was able to look ahead to future improvements in production and living standards, and because its financial policies were fitted squarely into a pattern of social legislation designed to spread the burden fairly.

But the *Economic Survey* shows that Mr Macmillan and his colleagues will find it easier to produce good phrases than effective policies. It is all very well to insist that once again there must be an export drive to hold the balance of payments and provide a surplus for overseas investment. The effect of Tory policy, however, has been to produce economic stagnation. Last year, our production did not rise; while output per man actually fell. That is why there is very little room for this government to manœuvre. On each flank the jaws of the trap are closing in upon it. The Tories wanted to follow a tough imperial and foreign policy, but they failed because Britain no longer has the strength to sustain that kind of imperialism in the modern world. The louder the bluster, the more humiliating the scuttle. At home, the die-hard demand for full-blooded Conservative policies cannot be conceded for much the same reason. The more the government tries to conciliate the party militants the more it is likely to lose working-class votes in the marginal seats. The more it seeks a way to have a showdown with the unions, the more resolute and effective becomes the trade union response. It is now out of the question to buy prizes for everyone, as Mr. Butler tried to do. All Mr. Macmillan can do is to try to buy time. And each day it becomes plainer that time is the most expensive luxury that this Cabinet can enjoy.

# The Generals Let the Cat Out

EVER since the humiliating and disorderly withdrawal from Port Said, a fine head of steam has been building up in the Horse Guards and the Rue St. Domenique. It is no secret that some of it has been escaping, in the choleric explosions of admirals and generals, behind the relatively private doors of London clubs and *le Jockey*. Seldom in history have senior military commanders felt such hatred and contempt for their political masters, and seldom have they had less opportunity to express it. From Downing Street and the Matignon the orders have gone out: not a word about the Suez operation. But it would have been asking too much of human nature to expect the angry brass-hats to remain altogether silent. Each in their own characteristic ways, the British and French general staffs have now decided to let, if not the whole cat, at least its front paws, out of the bag.

The Horse Guards operation took place this Tuesday, in the form of a discreet paragraph in *The Times*. Three reports on the military lessons of the Suez operations, wrote the paper's defence correspondent, were being studied by the services; they would not be published, but *The Times* could give some hints as to what they contained. The reports on the airborne and commando operations merely stress, it seems, the lack of an effective strategic reserve, the poverty of British combined-operations equipment and the absence of a fully equipped marine commando unit. The real dynamite is contained in General Stockwell's report on the operation as a whole. It emphasises, we are told, "the need for a clear political aim in an operation of this kind," and adds that "difficulties" arose from "national security restrictions."

Here we touch the heart of the Suez mystery, and the explanation for all its shortcomings as an operation: there was throughout a fundamental incompatibility of aims between its military and political commanders. This is also the central theme of *Les Secrets de L'Expedition d'Egypte*,* by Merry and Serge Bromberger, the vehicle chosen by the French general staff to tell their side of the story. For, let it be said at

* *Editions Les Quatre Fils Aymon. 795 francs.*

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once, there can be no doubt on this score. It is possible that, apart from information supplied by Maurice Schuman, the Brombergers' reconstruction of the diplomatic events which preceded and finally ruined the Suez operation is derived mainly from military sources. But on the military side, it is abundantly clear that they were given copious information at the highest level, and that the French Ministry of Defence approved and corrected their book before publication. This is proved not merely by the details, which it supplies, of the weapons, movements and strength of the units engaged, the operational plans and the structure of the chain of command, but even more so by the shameless compliments which the authors pay to their mentors. The Minister of Defence, Bourgès-Maunoury, is portrayed as a "fighting minister," a "Republican aristocrat," mulling over "plans for a new age of grandeur for France." His chief assistant, Abel Thomas, is "one of the most brilliant 'shadow-ministers'." General Beaufre, Stockwell's second-in-command, is described as a man "with a brain beneath his *kepi*, with the face of a *jeune* premier, an ambassador's talents, a marshal's baton, a sang-froid capable of facing anything, drawn from experience of every type of warfare." Admiral Barjot, Keightley's deputy, is "a brilliant lecturer, a man of vast imagination . . . a Jules Verne . . . always in advance of the battle." Never before, it seems, had France assembled such a galaxy of military talent.

Nevertheless, leaving aside the compliments and the journalistic padding, ignoring the many *lacunæ* and factual errors which the book contains, its hard core presents a coherent and accurate analysis of the military campaign and of the political factors which dominated it. Except on one minor point—the Brombergers' estimation of General Beaufre is not, it appears, shared by the War Office—its conclusions correspond with and amplify those of the British operational reports described in *The Times*. Operation Musketeer, it shows, is the classic example of a battle lost for lack of "a clear political aim." But in making this point—and, in so doing, exculpating the military commanders—the Brombergers are inevitably forced to expose the tissue of lies which Sir Anthony Eden and his fellow-conspirators presented to the House of Commons and the public. Unless the government can refute the Brombergers' allegations conclusively and in detail, the case for "collusion"—and not just "connivance"—is now proved.

First, the Brombergers confirm what some of us have maintained throughout: that, immediately after the Canal seizure, the French and British governments decided to impose a solution by force, and that they stuck to this resolve throughout the crisis. The protracted negotiations of August, September and October were merely a diplomatic smoke-screen with a two-fold purpose: to give the combined command ("Terrapin") the time to assemble the means of retribution (which, according to the Brombergers, were not ready until September 19), and to demonstrate that the Allies had only decided to resort to force after the resources of diplomacy and the U.N. had failed. By the second week of October, however, it was clear that a negotiated settlement, within the framework of the "six points", was in sight, and that the imposition of the Soviet veto, on October 13, could no longer be used as the signal to unleash the attack.

Fortunately for the Allies, by this time the Israeli determination to launch a preventive war, which the resumption of *fedayeen* raids and the signature of the Egypt-Syria-Jordan military pact on October 14 made imperative, offered an alternative pretext. Since the early summer, France had formed an unofficial military alliance with Israel: she had agreed to step up her supplies of defensive weapons, and there had been a constant exchange of information between M. Abel Thomas, on the one hand, and Mr. Peres, the Israeli chief of military intelligence, on the other. On October 14 the Israelis informed M. Thomas that they intended to attack on the 29th and asked for a final shipment of essential supplies. Bourgès-Maunoury then went to see Mollet and together they worked out the basic idea of the synchronised intervention. The next day, October 15, the French chief of staff, General Challe, flew over to London and saw Eden. It was explained that the Israelis intended to advance to the Canal and that the Egyptians would almost certainly sabotage it; some sort of military intervention by the Allies was therefore inevitable. As soon as Selwyn Lloyd returned from New York, Eden flew over with him to Paris, and during the famous five-hour secret conference at the Matignon, what the Brombergers describe as the "juridical fiction"—armed intervention to "separate the combatants"—was conceived. Eden accepted the French plan, but enclosed it in a political framework which ultimately proved fatal to its execution.

On learning of the Anglo-French plan, the Israelis protested. For both military and political reasons they calculated—rightly, as it proved—that the Allied intervention would jeopardise the fruits of their offensive. But the French were able to exercise blackmail. The Israelis' main fear, in launching their attack, was that Nasser's jet-bombers would ravage their cities. Only if the French provided adequate fighter protection did the risk become justified. It was precisely this which the French refused to guarantee until the Israelis agreed to the Allied plan. So deep was the divergence of interests that it was not until October 22, when Mr. Ben-Gurion flew to France for secret talks with Mollet, that agreement was reached.

Thereafter, Franco-Israeli military co-operation, on the ground, in the air and on the sea, was complete. Acting on instructions from London, the British commanders in Cyprus refused all official cognisance of the details but they knew of its existence and scope. Indeed, a vital part of the combined operation, the destruction of the Egyptian Ilyushin bombers which had taken refuge in southern Egypt, would have been impossible if Israel had not provided bases.

Nevertheless, following his own tortured logic, Eden stuck to his "juridical fiction." All along, he had hoped to encompass the destruction of the Nasser regime without actually landing on Egyptian soil. He therefore rejected, early in August, the French plan for a lightning descent on the Canal, preferring instead a massive seaborne operation, preceded by a prolonged air bombardment. He assumed the walls of Jericho would fall, provided the trumpets were blown loudly enough. Since Cyprus was inadequate as a base for an expedition of this size, it had to be mounted jointly in London, Marseilles, Algiers, Malta and Cyprus; and since, conforming with the "fiction," the London convoy could not sail until the ultimatum had been rejected, the landings would not culminate until D day plus 15. Relying implicitly on American neutrality, Eden ignored the imperative need for speed once the brink had been jumped. Even when the extent of his political miscalculations had been revealed, he was slow to grasp its military implications, and rejected the urgent entreaties of the French commanders to "telescope" the landings. The inherent hazards of the operation were thus compounded by furious disagreements between the Allied generals. On top of all this, bad weather conditions led to a total breakdown in communications.

Indeed, although Eden finally consented to advance the landings by five days, the exigencies of the "juridical fiction" almost prevented them from taking place at all. The Allies had grossly over-estimated the fighting capacity of both the Egyptian air force and the army in Sinai. The first error dictated the protracted time-table of Musketeer; the second led to the assumption that the Allies would still be able to maintain the "juridical fiction" when the time for the landings arrived. In fact, the Egyptian air force had been destroyed by November 2, and virtually unopposed landings could have taken place the same day. Meanwhile, by the 3rd, the Israelis had completed their conquest of Sinai and were ready to agree to the U.N. cease-fire resolution, which the Egyptians had also accepted. During the evening of November 4, after Mr. Eban had admitted at the U.N. that fighting had ceased in Sinai, Eden felt himself obliged to issue instructions countermanding the landings. It was only after M. Mollet had telephoned Ben-Gurion, and Tel Aviv had instructed Eban not to accept the cease-fire until Mr. Hammarksjold had given satisfactory answers to certain questions, that Eden allowed the operation to go on. In short, if Franco-Israeli collusion had not been complete, and if the British government had not been prepared to exploit it, Allied troops would never have landed on Egyptian soil. But the Israelis were not willing to accord Eden more than a few hours' respite; the cease-fire was accepted, the remorseless logic of the juridical fiction asserted itself, and Operation Musketeer ground itself to a halt a few miles south of Suez. The Brombergers' book is thus a striking illustration of the elementary fact that a statesman cannot be both a peacemaker and an aggressor at the same time. It is strange indeed that a man of Sir Anthony's experience should not have known it, and should have been forced to pay for his ignorance with his political life.

PAUL JOHNSON

# London Diary

IF you want to start a good argument among friends, try asking them to define obscenity. If you are lucky, one of them will take the all-out position that obscenity is the child of suppression. To the pure everything is impure. Bertrand Russell, I remember, once pointed out that in Victorian days, a girl's ankles were a matter of interest, while in this generation, nothing lower than her thigh attracts attention. Not even that, perhaps, now that the picture papers (or perhaps the manufacturers of foundation garments) have elevated male eyes to even loftier curves. The logic would seem to be that if Mrs. Grundy were finally abolished there would be no thrill in nakedness itself. Then someone will chip in and point out that that would be a regrettable loss of one of the most consistent pleasures of life, and that anyway it's not true. Modesty appears to be a genuine instinct; every age has its own fashion of pruriency. Mr. Justice Frankfurter in the U.S. Supreme Court the other day dealt a death blow at Chief Justice Cockburn, who, a century ago, put into legal phraseology Mr. Podsnap's famous warning against anything likely to bring "a blush to the cheek of a young person." What has changed is the standard of blushing. I suspect that the young persons in

St. Trinian's blush as little at smut nowadays as Giles's midget hooligans. And they can find their obscenity without smutty books. The Old Testament has always been a happy hunting ground, and I can remember a sixth form which used to search Liddell & Scott for impropriety. Nor can the argument that good art excuses all be sustained. The magistrates of Swindon who made fools of themselves by banning Boccaccio were logically in the right; minds open to corruption (to use the Victorian word for the universal enjoyment of sex) can snigger over the Venus de Milo, let alone Renoir or Titian. Public schools maintain corporal punishment although psychoanalysts inform us that it often canalises sex feelings in a homosexual, anal-erotic direction.

* * *

All that can be honestly said is that as sex fashions change we get less fearful of frankness and knowledge but that even the anarchistic philosopher in practice draws the line somewhere. He will be disturbed at finding his small daughter brooding over a book which illustrates perversions or the postures of sex. So we make a new compromise and the present Bill draws an illogical distinction between books published with the obvious intention of titillating wakening adolescents, and adult books which deal openly with the facts of sex or scientific books like Havelock Ellis. It should stop the ridiculous prosecutions to which honourable publishers have only recently been subjected, and it will rule out for ever, I hope, a monstrous absurdity like the case of *The Well of Loneliness* (one of the dullest as well as one of the most respectable books I ever read), when the leading literary pundits of England came to give evidence in support of the author, only to be told by the magistrate that their evidence was irrelevant since he was as good as anyone else in judging a natural tendency to corrupt.

* * *

Last summer I heard Dr. van Heuven Goedhart, the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees, describe in moving terms the shocking facts about 70,000 refugees from the 1939-45 war who were still left to rot in involuntary idleness in European camps. Since then, unhappily, Dr. van Heuven Goedhart has died, and this week Mr. Lindt, his able successor, tells us that there are still 50,000 of these unfortunate war refugees who await our help. They include a high proportion of youngsters who have grown up without hope or occupation. But the refugee situation has been completely changed by the Hungarian exodus, and in spite of 30,000 received in the United States, 20,000 here and large numbers in Canada, and other countries, 41,000 are still chafing at inactivity in Austria and 16,000 in Yugoslavia. The first flush of enthusiasm to help the refugees is over; their future depends on whether countries including Britain will follow the lead given by Holland and subscribe sums which, on the standard of budgets today, are almost negligible (Mr. Lindt asks for £100,000 from Britain) and whether trade unions will receive them as fellow-workers. On no account must these 57,000 be left as the post-war refugees have been left; indeed, the job now is to use the Hungarian impetus to clear up the whole miserable business.

* * *

It was not, I think, because I happened to be in Delhi and witnessed the events of Gandhi's last three days that I found the final episode (on the Third Programme) of the B.B.C. feature on the Mahatma's life so effective and moving. This type of programme in which voices from the past and from all parts of the world contribute to build a story which otherwise could not be made real, is an art form unique to sound radio. I again felt sorry for the *habitués* who sit with their eyes glued to television when I heard last week's inter-continental press conference with Mrs. Meir, the Israeli Foreign Minister. Speaking from Tel Aviv, in a strong, low-pitched voice, she was given time to answer with great effect questions thrown at her from New York, Ottawa, Paris, London and Stockholm.

* * *

I have known Jack Yeats on and off ever since nearly thirty years ago I first talked with him in his high studio room with its long windows looking over FitzWilliam Square. There among the ship models and half finished paintings one could hear, every Thursday afternoon, the best conversation in Dublin. He himself dispensed tea and, a couple of hours later, Malaga with orange-peel pinched over it so that the aromatic oil floated visibly on the surface. A friend who knew him much better than I did, tells me that nobody was allowed to see him paint but sometimes, if he was not asked, he would unexpectedly give the full history and explanation of a new painting hanging up on the wall. He once described how he had painted a picture of some horses standing in front of a wall: first the whole wall, then the skeletons of the horses, then their flesh and coats and finally their harness and trappings. When he knew young people well enough he would throw a handful of his forty- or fifty-year-old sketchbooks on to a divan and ask them to choose for themselves. His oldest friend, I believe, was the Poet Laureate. They used to make paper-boats and send them floating down streams. The symbolism of this pastime recurs constantly in his paintings.

* * *

A scientific pundit with whom I was discussing Mr. Macmillan's learned remarks about the genetic effects of nuclear fall-out, said that "we should remember when in 1950 the American Government wanted to reassure people about atom bomb tests, its scientists altogether overlooked strontium. They dismissed the hazards on the ground that it would take 755,000 bombs of the size of those which destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki to produce world-wide contamination. Then they became aware of radio strontium which divided this figure by 1,000." (Our bombs are, of course, much bigger now.) He also cited another odd example of scientific arithmetic. A scientist attached to the Canadian atom station at Chalk River, in a recent letter to the American *Journal of Science*, pointed out an equally striking error. In this case a much-quoted authority said that to accumulate dangerous levels of strontium a man would have to eat fission products deposited on four square feet of food or drink 50,000 cubic feet of water. The corrected figures are now said to be three square inches of food and 250 cubic feet of water!

* * *

A friend who employs an aged gardener has been telling me about a blind spot in the law's attitude to the poor—or should I say to cyclists? The other day someone pinched the old man's bicycle from the front of the house, giving him a long walk home that included a detour to call at the police station and report his loss. That afternoon a youth was seen to wheel the bicycle back into the front garden, prop it against the fence, and then hurry off. When the police questioned him he admitted borrowing it; of course he never intended to keep it. There was nothing the police could do. Oddly enough this was also the position about motor vehicles before the Road Traffic Act of 1930. This made borrowing a car a special kind of offence; the police bring a charge of stealing the petrol consumed. But there is no such way of getting at the cycle borrower or, for that matter, a horse, or a pony and trap, or even (I suppose) an autocycle with its engine out of order. The moral, I assume, is that you should not leave your bicycle (or pony and trap) about the place, unless, of course, you live in a town like Cambridge, where there are more cycles than people so that you can borrow someone else's, if he or she borrows yours.

CRITIC

## This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

"Throwing ashes from aeroplanes or scattering them on golf courses is irreverent and is not in accordance with the views of the Church," he said. Ashes, even of golfers, should be buried in consecrated ground.—*Golf Illustrated.* (H. A. Bonington.)

Lincolnshire police still maintained close secrecy yesterday about what was written on papers found in the stomach of a pig at a butcher's shop in Spalding. They were in Hungarian and have been translated.—*News Chronicle.* (H. Hardman.)

From a grammar school head came this comment: "This school is in a superior residential district. I am glad to say parents here belong to the better classes and know how to control television."—*News Chronicle.* (C. Oldfield.)

Brenda Waby and John Birth yesterday rode away on horses after their wedding at St. Dunstan's, Cheam.

Said Brenda, 23: "We both love horses. I could not bear to be parted from them even on my honeymoon."—*Sunday Express.* (John Kerr.)

## Stay Salisbury

*Stay, Salisbury,*
*With the rude multitude, till I return*
(Henry VI, Part II, Act III, Sc. II.)

Arms and the man I sing who gave the tip
(When Eden's orgy ended in disaster)
To send for Mac to save the sinking ship—
And then walked out on his anointed Master:
It's very hard to satisfy or square 'em,
These Death-or-Glory Teddy Boys of Sarum.

Cyprus and Suez, to his deep disgust,
Were like to prove inadequately gory;
So, reckless of results, he felt he must,
Like Cato, play the unrelenting Tory
Whose policy (a blood-and-steel farrago)
Was more or less *Delenda est Carthago.*

The early Cecils made a pile of dough—
No toady to the Tudor House was truer:
They grabbed the Abbey properties, and so
Their blood became appreciably bluer;
But—having profited by such gymnastics—
They're still suspicious of ecclesiastics.

The blood of those who shared the Abbey spoils
And struggled to a peerage from a fish-shop,
However blue, invariably boils
Confronted with a militant Archbishop:
A prelate of non-Anglican persuasion
Provided this provocative occasion.

And yet I think Elizabeth the First
(From whose munificence their days are reckoned)
Got better value, at their very worst,
From Cecils than Elizabeth the Second:
Rascality was part of their profession,
But never, never, never indiscretion. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

# The Up and Coming Young Man

In 1938 the Conservative M.P. for Stafford, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, floated gracefully into the House of Lords. The timing of his departure caused uneasiness. Though he had held Stafford since 1918, his latest majority had been only 3,000 and now, what with Lloyd George's Council of Action, Labour's recent victory in West Fulham and mutterings against Chamberlain, 3,000 was not absolutely safe. The Conservatives would need a good candidate if the seat was to be firmly held. Thank goodness there was that young gentleman up at the Hall!

Mr. Peter Thorneycroft was then 29. His rather distant forbears had been Staffordshire blacksmiths, but one of them, his great grandfather, saw in a dream how to make iron rollers for the Lancashire cotton industry. He soon graduated from blacksmith to ironmaster and from ironmaster to squire of Dunston Hall. His descendants, satisfied with the advance, settled happily into the station to which it had pleased God to call them. Young Peter himself breezed comfortably along the well-charted course of Eton and the Royal Military College, did the regulation four years as an army officer, was called to the bar and in 1938, finely polished until he shone, was standing, as if by chance, in the doorway of the Hall ready to accept that traditional birthright of squires, a Tory seat. The right man was in the right place at the right time.

The new candidate was a splendid success. His brisk, clipped accents were just right for the county, his gleaming black hair, his striking, if somewhat flushed, good looks, his carefully correct clothes were just right for the Staffordshire ladies and the fact that he had just got married and so could fight a honeymoon by-election was just right for his agent. Love and Mr. Chamberlain were in fact the dominant motifs of the Conservative campaign and were so successful that, although Lloyd George stalked the constituency and drew to one meeting an audience which exceeded the total poll, young Captain Peter Thorneycroft increased the Conservative majority. "I regard the result," he said as he gave thanks, "as a complete mandate for Mr. Chamberlain." A month or two later, just after the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, he made a spectacular maiden speech. "Munich," he said, "is the classic example of the new diplomacy in action. . . . The real tragedy of Czechoslovakia lies, not in the fact that frontier districts have been ceded, but in that they were not ceded long before." This was the right music at the right time for a coming young man who wanted to continue coming in a party led by Mr. Chamberlain.

However, different music was soon needed. The war came, Chamberlain fell and Winston Churchill became Prime Minister. Any young man, who had so vigorously supported Munich, would need to be a considerable political-athlete to jump on *that* band waggon. But Thorneycroft was equal to it, and he saw his way back through Churchill's need of Liberal backing at the end of the war. He helped to found the Tory Reform Committee and, though he failed to persuade his colleagues that Liberals as well as Tories should be admitted, he had the consolation of becoming its chairman, a position from which he could make well-publicised pronouncements to the press. It was no surprise when, after the European war was over, he received the job of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport in the Caretaker government. The coming young man had really begun to come.

But almost at once he went. Though he said that "pre-war Britain would never come back," he fought the 1945 general election in a pre-war manner. He was observed in the act of patting selected babies on the head and followed the Churchillian lead in jibing at Professor Laski, with his un-county-sounding name. These, some glib sallies and a series of platitudes delivered with resounding force, should have done the trick once again. They did not. For the first time in history Stafford was won by Labour, and Peter Thorneycroft, still perfectly dressed up, had nowhere to go. But by chance the Conservative candidate at Monmouth had died between polling day and the day of the count. Because he had been elected, there had to be a by-election and Thorneycroft was adopted for this safe seat almost before he had had time to flick the dust of Stafford from his mirror-like shoes. He was not only back in the House but, as an ex-minister, he was on the opposition front bench while such senior colleagues as Mr. Harold Macmillan were still wondering what had hit them. At once he resumed his campaign to bring Liberals and Conservatives together in an anti-Socialist front and set to work on a manifesto—*Design for Freedom*—which, he was sure would rally the forward-looking of both parties. This display of energy was quite agreeable to Winston Churchill who, as a result of the landslide in 1945, was left with few supporters in the House who were capable of energy. He promoted Thorneycroft to wind up for the opposition on a motion of censure, which he did in whirlwind style.

At the moment when he seemed to have arrived, however, murmurings were heard in his party. Old Winston, it was said, was really getting old. He was too much embedded in the war-time coalition to be capable of leading the Conservatives out of their post-war morass. When he tried to compel his followers to vote for the American loan, Thorneycroft listened to the arguments against the loan which were being discussed by the Boothby group, and was convinced. He went into the lobby with the dissidents and lost his place on the front bench.

This action made some political commentators look at him anew. They had got used to his sleek looks, to the mouth which always seemed to be tasting bitter beer, to the teeth which smiled while the fish-like eyes remained unlit, to the glib, quick-firing tongue, to the stylised manner. "There's

as much in Thorneycroft as meets the eye," they said and looked away. But now they looked again. This smart, still rather too roguishly adolescent man, whose company was so stimulating for five minutes and so boring for longer, whose ideas seemed to come from those around him rather than from inside himself, had he, behind that facile facade, got some courage after all? Or did he just feel that his party was turning away from Churchill, that a politician with his eye on the next horizon does better to remain in a moving stream rather than to drift into a stagnant pool?

Whatever his motives, he managed in the end to get the best of both worlds. His act of defiance made him acceptable to the progressive wing of his party. His refusal to follow the example of Quintin Hogg, who publicly attacked the leadership, and his lively backbench speeches against the nationalisation of transport kept him in touch with the leader. When a Conservative government was formed in 1951, he was given the Board of Trade, partly because David Eccles, whose ability would have made him the obvious choice, wholly lacked Thorneycroft's skill in keeping in either with his colleagues or with his leader.

His career at the Board of Trade followed the expected pattern. The department was traditionally free trade. It did not want to ban imports of grey cloth from the empire in the interests of the Lancashire cotton trade. It did not want giant monopolies to carve up markets among themselves. As the briefs which his department gave him on these subjects were acceptable to the most politically influential sections of his party, Thorneycroft was able to read them out with his accustomed verve; and when on the Common Market issue he found that the inclinations of his department coincided with those of Mr. Harold Macmillan at the Treasury, he clearly saw the design for his future. Munich with Chamberlain, Tory reform with Churchill, European unity and free trade with Macmillan . . . Thorneycroft's political agility and his outright good luck have persisted through the years and have now brought him to one of the highest political positions in the country.

# The Two Germanys

*(From a Correspondent)*

It ought to be compulsory for Foreign Secretaries to visit Berlin every six months, in order to be reminded that Europe's problems cannot be left to solve themselves. Here, if one is not blind to all but the most spectacular events, one sees daily evidence of the folly and danger of the German situation: the visitor's nose is rubbed in it, in every petty way. The poverty and drabness of the eastern sector, the get-rich-quick atmosphere of the west; the policemen and the childish restrictions and the blooming East German troops; the wretched envy on the one side, the crude hatreds on the other: features like these have become too normal to make the headlines, let alone the minister's desk. But at the low level they are terribly striking, and it is difficult to observe them daily without becoming rather scared.

The same thing is happening to Berlin as to Germany as a whole: she is getting set in her distortions. That may seem comforting to the foreign politician who stays at home or has no knowledge of the people. But the hardening of an unnatural and unbalanced attitude does not imply stability. It means rather that the development of the community and of the individual will be permanently twisted. On the physical side there is the worst kind of duplication and division —division, for instance, of the state library and the national collections, duplication of the army and the police. On the personal side there is a curious tension and uncertainty that make it impossible to see the present as a settled state. "*Drüben*"—"over there"—is the word by which each half of Germany, or of Berlin, refers to the other: an expression that implies indifference, dissociation, even a certain reluctance to look. Perhaps it is this sense of precariousness that helps people to concentrate so doggedly on their work. They will not be brought up against the unpleasant facts unless and until the work runs out.

It is not good when a people is unable to relax. Suspiciousness and officiousness are bad symptoms; they easily merge in anti-foreign feelings or lead the man in the street to play the policeman. A member of a cinema audience denounces a fellow spectator for smoking; a passer-by gratuitously upbraids a stranger for parking in the wrong place or walking across a street against the lights; identity cards are demanded at offices and brief-cases searched at libraries, without anybody treating it as unnecessary or unnatural. In East Germany it is plain that many of the lower officials have never been taught to avoid self-righteousness or to use common sense in applying their regulations, far less to stretch a point in favour of the ignorant foreigner. There are decent and intelligent exceptions; and the unofficial feeling is different. But too often foreigners as such seem to become identified with the "capitalism" (=Fascism) and "cosmopolitanism" of the official propaganda.

The preaching of mutual hatred still goes on. The West Germans are taught to see such tragic minor figures as Herr Pieck and Herr Ulbricht as monsters dwarfing Hitler; any man associated with the Socialist Unity Party, however fine his qualities and his record, is treated as fit to be lynched; the climate is being created for a White Terror, if not for a Brown. Conversely, the easterner has no chance to learn of the anti-militarist temper among West Germans, or to grasp the many sane developments there and the still strong liberal feeling. Dr. Adenauer is presented, at best, as another Papen, and only the symptoms discreditable to his regime are mentioned in the controlled eastern press. Given the barriers to the free circulation of newspapers, and even of books, this means that each side of Germany only sees the worst of the other. East Germany appears as a wholly malevolent slave state, run with inhuman efficiency by a single-minded party machine; West Germany as a foreign-financed country administered in the interest of bankers and generals, rotten with ex-Nazis and new Nazi-type movements, exploiting and breaking its workers with the connivance of demoralised Social-democratic leaders. The rather less discouraging truth that lies between these pictures is not explored.

To present the world in such extreme terms is itself a way of encouraging extremes. This might not matter if the country were in other respects balanced and settled, without grudges or suppressed ambitions, and well-integrated with its neighbours all round. But of course it is not. In terms of uncertainty, of physical injury, of uprooted populations, of lost land, Germany's conquerors have given her far greater causes for resentment than ever did the treaty-makers of Versailles. No map sold in West Germany (even by a foreign-owned oil company) dares show the Polish frontier as final; the discrepancy in economic and moral strength between the two halves of the country is pathetic enough to impress even the Russians, who cannot regard the present East German regime as anything but expendable; while even those measures that anti-Nazis had long regarded as essential—the breaking up of the trusts in the West; the land reform, socialisation, and fusion of the two left-wing parties in the East—have been forced through without getting the support of the people, and so have been discredited, probably for years. The dreadful poverty of East Germany may be the most obvious possible cause of unrest, but even West Germany's prosperity leaves the visitor conscious of some frustrated latent force. Her boom may last, but it does not seem enough. There is still no outlet for the impulses that built the Third Reich.

The broad conditions of a stable settlement are not hard to see: the cutting down in both Germanys of home and foreign troops; the abolition of customs barriers and fixing of a true rate of exchange; a political reunification on terms that would guarantee the major social reforms in the east; the general acceptance of the present frontiers; a more constructive relationship between the two left-wing parties; the reduction and liberalisation of the People's Police. Some of these ideas are indeed in the air, and even if the foreign governments concerned are still inclined to let things ride, we have various independent research institutions which might usefully work out in detail possible terms on which a settlement could be negotiated and a peace treaty made. But no plan will be effective unless it is based on a more dispassionate estimate of the valuable elements in both halves of the country: no western policy, for instance, can straighten out Germany's kinks if it ignores the tendency represented by the Harich group or the presence of many first-rate individuals within the East German machine. German Communism, whatever its crimes and its failures in administering the Soviet-occupied zone, still has men and qualities of the sort that the country as a whole most needs.

It is unfashionable to speak of this, just as it is unfashionable for easterners to mention the better aspects of the European movement or of Christian Democrat principles, or the German middle-class liberal tradition. But it is impossible to mix with Germans on both sides of the curtain without knowing that it is true. We cannot, for instance, just dismiss the extraordinary economic effort which the penurious East German state makes on behalf of its theatres and opera; the high quality of its book-publishing; the great new Bach and Mozart editions on which it has embarked. Such undertakings may be based on a mistaken conception of the relation between art and politics, but they represent a genuine concern with the decent aspects of life. It is only a pity that the clash of political extremes should lead the men responsible to accept at the same time the methods by which Soviet policy has to be justified and the position of the regime maintained. The object of a settlement should not be to win as many advantages as possible for one side, but to lessen the need to take sides at all. For it is the best men on both that are hamstrung by a battle of extremes. 1929-33 proved that; and although it is simple to jeer at humanitarians and intellectuals for not asserting their views the important thing is that their views

will tend to count if the battle itself dies down.

This seems a moment when the German situation can be more vividly seen in moral terms than in the stock categories of class, party, cold-war allegiances, or even such broad political abstractions as democracy, freedom and the rest. It is men and tempers that matter most. The instinctive judgments of daily life are not a bad guide; the common-sense standards of what seems fair and reasonable give much the clearest picture of what is wrong. In both halves of Germany, and still more urgently in Berlin, the visitor feels that it cannot be good for Europe that a great country should continue to develop on these lines. To put it in obvious terms, one can drive eastwards from the juke-box glitter of the Kurfürstendamm through a no-man's land of ruins and policemen to the dowdy and pretentious primness of—the name remains unchanged—the Stalinallee: from the most blaring cinema and soft-drink advertisements to a world of meaningless red-and-white slogans. Neither shows the Germans at their best. No good will come of a clash between the two.

# Fleet Street Notebook

THIS must be marked down as a notable, indeed a unique, week in the newspaper calendar. It is the first occasion in the whole of its history that *The Times* has been so moved by events as to abandon its normal typographical decorum and actually head a main leading article, not by words at all, but by a gimmick—a black line slanting grimly downwards at a gradient of 1½ in 2, which spells danger to travellers in any language. This it did on April 1. But any readers who might have been deceived into imagining it a gay April Folly—Auntie unbending for a practical joke with the children—must have been disabused by the opening sentence: "The month that begins today may be decisive not only for the Government but the Country." It was the general economic and industrial situation and the fall in the pound rather than the resignation of Lord Salisbury that most perturbed *The Times*; but the resignation took an early place in its calendar of the ills that beset us as "yet another focusing of Britain's dilemma when faced with intransigent lawlessness."

Lord Salisbury's resignation because of Archbishop Makarios's release has in general been greeted by Fleet Street with what can only be described as "respectful shock." What might be regarded as evidence of deplorable reaction in a lesser man is by common Fleet Street consent a demonstration of high principle in a Cecil. "The Only Way For A Cecil," proclaimed the *News Chronicle*, with a slight sob in its voice, continuing touchingly: "So frail a figure, so gentle a voice—but what granite resolve to stand by principle as he sees it." The day before there had been general approval for the Cyprus decision, even on the right. "Chance In Cyprus. . . . The most hopeful statement yet," said *The Times*, "The End of a Tragedy," echoed the *Daily Mail*. "A New Chance for Cyprus," announced the *Telegraph*. Only the *Express*, flinging itself into a rear-guard action, with all its customary zest for the wrong policy, stood out against such soft-hearted nonsense. Its leader was headed "Terror Goes Free" and opened with the resounding phrase "With the blood of 112 Britons and 131 fellow Cypriots on his hands Archbishop Makarios goes free."

Lord Salisbury's resignation placed some strain on leader writers required to sustain the double role of supporting the government's decision as wise and Lord Salisbury's rejection of it as a statesmanlike expression of high principle. Most of them, however, managed to carry the dual burden without too much sign of discomfort. Although there was a certain natural closing of the ranks to be discerned in most Conservative papers, none attempted to disguise the serious effects the resignation was likely to have on the government. "Its consequences to the Ministry in which Lord Salisbury has been so influential a figure cannot," said *The Times*, "be slight. . . . The doubts already expressed by back-benchers will be confirmed by the knowledge that so widely respected an elder statesman shares them with such profound conviction that they have made it impossible for him to continue to serve under Macmillan." "It is all very friendly," said the *Daily Mail*; but added: "His departure is made the more serious because his views are undoubtedly shared by many Tories." The *Telegraph*, riding its two horses with slightly less aplomb than the others, advised its readers on the one hand that "the resignation will command the respect due unreservedly to all Lord Salisbury's actions" (the least uninhibited expression, this, of the general view, under whose shadow all Conservative leader writers felt themselves compelled to write, that "a Cecil can do no wrong") and on the other that "it will excite bewilderment and we trust no echo" and "is to be deplored." Finishing well, it added hopefully: "Lord Salisbury's health has never been robust and he will now have a chance to restore it." "The Kingmaker Goes," proclaimed the *Express*, adding, with perhaps more natural conviction than the rest in view of its previous day's leader: "Lord Salisbury will be respected for his decision. He will be sorely missed by the government."

How badly missed, was the question that naturally concerned all political correspondents. The *Manchester Guardian*, although feeling that Lord Salisbury's rule "has at times been exaggerated," considered in its leading article that "the 'Government of Consolidation' has been splintered"; and on its front page that "Conservative unity is in peril."

By Sunday the sums were being done—although they did not always produce the same answers. "The Storm Breaks," shouted the *Sunday Express*; "Eighty Tory M.P.s angry over Cyprus." *Reynolds's*, in this matter more conservative, put it at 60, the *News of the World* told its 7,000,000-odd readers that "Macmillan Faces Crisis Week," but kept off hard figures. So also did the *Sunday Times*, which took the line that "the political repercussions inside the party are unlikely to be serious," and argued hopefully that Lord Salisbury's own attitude "should discourage attempts by opposition critics to magnify the resignation into a major political crisis so as to embarrass the government and provoke new discussions inside the Conservative Party." Has there ever been a political resignation of which some journalistic friend of the family has not been ready to say the same thing?

The *Observer* also felt that Lord Salisbury's going might have less effect than generally thought—indeed might well be welcomed by many Conservatives who felt that Lord Salisbury's position and reputation "created the unfortunate impression that the party was not truly democratic." But it added: "At the moment the rank-and-file are confused and unable to see their way." Such of them as turn to the *Sunday Pictorial* and the *People* for relaxation on a Sunday found no light. Putting the Cecils in proper perspective, no doubt, so far as the majority of their 10,000,000-odd combined purchasers and 30,000,000-odd readers are concerned, both papers ignored Lord Salisbury altogether.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

*NEXT WEEK*

*A Special 10-page Supplement*

**The Changing Face of Publishing**

*An examination of present conditions in the book-publishing world, edited by Walter Allen, with contributions by J. B. Priestley and some leading publishers.*

# Joyce Cary

CARY'S novels brought unfashionable words trembling to reviewers' pens, words like "exuberance," "enthusiasm," "gusto." It was this, surely, that delayed general recognition of his talent. For, though he had been writing fiction since 1932 it was not until the war years that it dawned on everyone that here was a major contemporary writer. It takes a long time for the virtues of the odd-man-out to be discovered, and Cary was always odd-man-out among the novelists of our time.

When one met him for the first time it wasn't as a literary man that he struck one; and, though he knew most of his colleagues he did not much move in literary circles. He had come to writing too late for that, from a world remote from it, the world of action, administration and government. One was struck first of all by his nervous energy, his exuberance, an exuberance of the spirit, not a physical one. He had great personal distinction, a fine, lined, hawklike handsomeness that, in profile, suggested a head on a medallion. In movement and speech he was restless and jerky, pouncing on ideas as they came up in conversation with the intentness of a cat. He was interested in ideas, though, in a specialised way, as grist to his own private mill, for he was a man with a system, one of those "resourceful Robinson Crusoes" of whom T. S. Eliot has assured us English literature is full. He has told us himself how, when he retired from the Nigerian Political Service, he had "to dig up all his foundations" in order to found a new life and a new mind.

As a novelist, then, he was a self-made man who had worked out everything, his craft and beliefs, for himself. When I first met him I had just published a novel. He inquired after the new one he assumed I was at work on. I had to admit I wasn't writing anything: ideas didn't come as easily as that. "I can tell you how to write novels," he said; "there's nothing easier. I have twenty-five more novels to write before I die. I know exactly what they are. They're all there, upstairs, in various stages of development." And he went on to tell me how to write novels. It was, as he said, simplicity itself. You had your *donnée*, derived it might be from an incident recounted in conversation or an item reported in a newspaper, and to it you dedicated a large notebook, in the inside back cover of which you pasted a large envelope to take further cuttings from newspapers which might have relevance to the subject. So the novel had its birth, and as the spirit moved you you wrote in the notebook sketches of characters, scraps of dialogue, hints of scenes. In this way, you found yourself almost involuntarily writing half a dozen novels at once, and you were never at a loss for a subject.

As Cary outlined his way of working, it seemed almost intoxicatingly easy, but I have never known another novelist who followed any method of

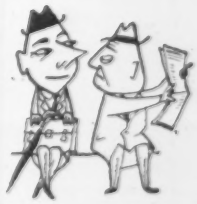
# the things they say!

*Everybody keeps talking about increasing* **production** *— but how are we going to do it, if we don't have more people in our factories?*

We'll all have to work more **efficiently** — managements included.

*I've heard that one before. Most of us work hard enough as it is.*

I didn't say harder — I said *more efficiently*. We've got to learn to cut out all forms of waste in the way we use our machines and **materials**. Most important of all, we've got to stop wasting **human** effort.



*And how's that done?*

By studying the way we work in our factories and offices.

By raising our productivity, in fact.

*And are we actually raising it now?*

Certainly. The national average is going up at the rate of 3% each year.

*Is that the best we can do?*

Not if the more progressive firms are any criterion. In I.C.I., for example, since the war productivity has been increasing, on the average, at nearly *three times* the national rate.

ICI

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writing like it. The truth is, Cary's system of beliefs came before his method of work; he was the complete opposite of the novelist who writes on the principle of "How do I know what I think till I see what I say?" Though it took reviewers a long time to realise it, he was a novelist with a message; and he thought of himself, I think, as essentially a philosophical novelist. For Cary, the central fact about man was his imagination, which was nothing if not creative, was continuous and unceasing, and involved every man in the effort "to create a universe which suits his feelings." Since each man's shaping fantasy was unique it clashed inevitably with those of his fellows and with the established order of society, and the result was tragic or comic, depending on how you looked at it.

It was a vision of man which embodied itself naturally in terms of fiction. Each man's life was a daedal dance, and every man, woman and child by virtue of being human was a born artist doomed to the creation of his own world, whether he was a mission-trained Negro clerk like Mr. Johnson, a delinquent boy like the hero of *Charley Is My Darling*, a painter like Gully Jimson, or a politician like Chester Nimmo. "Energy is eternal delight," and though Cary's energies were not always under complete control, his novels are the best expression of Blake's view in the fiction of our time.

WALTER ALLEN

# Cry Wolf

"THE case of Wormwood," said Antrobus gravely, "is one which deserves thought."

He spoke in his usual portentous way, but I could see that he was genuinely troubled.

"It is worth reflecting on," he went on, "since it illustrates my contention that nobody really knows what anybody else is thinking. Wormwood was cultural attaché in Helsinki, and we were all terrified of him. He was a lean, leathery, saturnine sort of chap with a goatee and he'd written a couple of novels of an obscurity so overwhelming as to give us an awful inferiority complex in the Chancery.

"He never spoke.

"He carried this utter speechlessness to such lengths as to be almost beyond the bounds of decency. The whole Corps quailed before him. One slow stare through those pebble-giglamps of his was enough to quell even the vivid and charming Madame Abreyville who was noted for her cleverness in bringing out the shy. She made the mistake of trying to bring Wormwood out. He stared at her hard. She was covered in confusion and trembled from head to foot. After this defeat, we all used to take cover when we saw him coming.

"One winter, just before he was posted to Prague, I ran into him at a party, and finding myself wedged in behind the piano with no hope of escape, cleared my throat (I had had three Martinis) and said with what I hoped was offensive jocularity: 'What does a novelist think about at parties like these?'

"Wormwood stared at me for so long that I began to swallow my Adam's Apple over and over again as I always do when I am out of countenance. I was just about to step out of the window into a flowerbed and come round by the front door when he . . . actually spoke to me: 'Do you know what I am doing?' he said in a low hissing tone full of malevolence.

"'No,' I said.

"'I am playing a little game in my mind,' he said, and his expression was one of utter, murderous grimness. 'I am imagining that I am in a sleigh with the whole Diplomatic Corps. We are running across the Steppes, pursued by wolves. It is necessary, as they keep gaining on us, to throw a diplomat overboard from time to time in order to let the horses regain their advantage. Who would you throw first . . . and then second . . . and then third . . .? Just look around you.'

"His tone was so alarming, so ferocious and peremptory, that I was startled; more to humour him than anything else, I said 'Madame Ventura.' She was rather a heavily-built morsel of ambassadress, eminently suitable for wolfish consumption. He curled his lip. 'She's gone already,' he said in a low, hoarse tone, glowering. 'The whole Italian mission has gone—brats included.'

"I did not quite know what to say.

"'Er, how about our own Chancery?' I asked nervously.

"'Oh! They've gone long ago,' he said with slow contempt, 'They've been gobbled up—including you.' He gave a yellowish shelf of rat-like teeth a half-second exposure, and then sheathed them again in his beard. I was feeling dashed awkward now, and found myself fingering my nose.

"I was relieved when I heard he had been posted.

"Now, old boy, come a series of strange events. The very next winter in Prague—that was the severe one of '37 when the wolf-packs came down to the suburbs—you may remember that two Chancery Guards and a cipher clerk were eaten by wolves? They were, it seems, out riding in a sleigh with the First Secretary Cultural. When I saw the press reports, something seemed to ring in my brain. Some half-forgotten memory. . . . It worried me until I went to the Foreign Office List and looked up the Prague Mission. It was Wormwood. It gave me food for deep thought.

"But time passed, and for nearly ten years I heard no more of Wormwood. Then came that report of wolves eating the Italian Ambassador on the Trieste-Zagreb road in mid-winter. You remember the case? The victim was in a car this time. I do not have to tell you who was driving. Wormwood.

"Then once again a long period of time passed without any news of him. But yesterday" . . . Antrobus' voice trembled at this point in the narrative and he drew heavily on his cigar.

"Yesterday, I had a long letter from Bunty Scott-Peverel who is Head of Chancery in Moscow. There is a passage in it which I will read to you. Here it is. . . .

"'We have just got a new Cultural Sec., rather an odd sort of fellow, a writer I believe. Huge fronded beard, pebble specs and glum as all highbrows are. He has taken a *dumka* about twenty miles outside Moscow where he intends to entertain in some style. Usually these hunting lodges are only open in the summer. But he intends to travel by *droshky* and is busy getting one built big enough, he says, to accommodate the whole Dip. Corps which he will invite to his housewarming. It is rather an original idea, and we are all looking forward to it very much and waiting impatiently for this giant among *droshkies* to be finished.'

"You will understand," said Antrobus, "the thrill of horror with which I read this letter. I have written at length to Bunty, setting out my fears. I hope I shall be in time to avert what might easily become the first wholesale pogrom in the history of diplomacy. I hope he heeds my words. But I am worried, I confess. I scan the papers uneasily every morning. Is that the *Telegraph*, by any chance, protruding from the pocket of your mackintosh?"

LAWRENCE DURRELL

# The Arts and Entertainment

## Petrushka

THE Royal Ballet Company has revived *Petrushka*, under the direction of Serge Grigoriev and Liubov Tchernicheva. A great deal of care has obviously been taken over this production, for it runs very smoothly, very expertly, like a nicely tuned piece of machinery. Benois' decor, the complicated plan of the fairground, the stark simplicity of Petrushka's cell and the scrumptious extravagance of the Blackamore's cell, are all reproduced with perfect discretion. Fokine's powerfully direct choreography, so delicate and unhampered in its detail, stands out clearly, even in the thick of the crowd scenes. But above all, matching the rough human world against spiritual suffering, is Stravinsky's superb score. The scuffle and shouting of the carnival throng, the wailing panic of Petrushka's soul in agony, and the strange quiet of the falling snow become so real, so intense in this music that they drop like a spell on the imagination. Another extraordinary effect in the ballet is the illusion of personal nearness. It is created chiefly by the way the Benois sets appear to throw the performers forward. In the fairground they seem about to jostle over the footlights into the audience: a crowd which, like ourselves, is witness to the tragedy of the puppet. In both the cell scenes, where Petrushka beats like a madman on his prison wall, and where he catches the Blackamore making love to the Bailerina, the situation seems painfully intimate, for the diagonally set flats combine to focus our attention centrally and to drive the dancers toward us. It is well that our national company has established this classic in its repertoire.

The soloists of this production were not, on the first night, as good as I had expected. Alexander Grant had not the ability to overwhelm us with the pangs of despised love. He acted the shame and humiliation of Petrushka expertly, with sensibility, and yet without becoming convincing. It was a technical competence that was never emotionally upsetting. Prince Lieven's description of Nijinsky in the part, shows just this fusion of technique and emotion:

> From the first moment of his appearance on the stage one felt that here was neither doll nor man, but a strange mixture of both, and one was overcome by the pathos of his helpless, bewitched suffering. The contrast between the vigorous animation of his quick muscular movements and the pitiful appeal of his tormented soul with its petrifying mask was breath-taking.

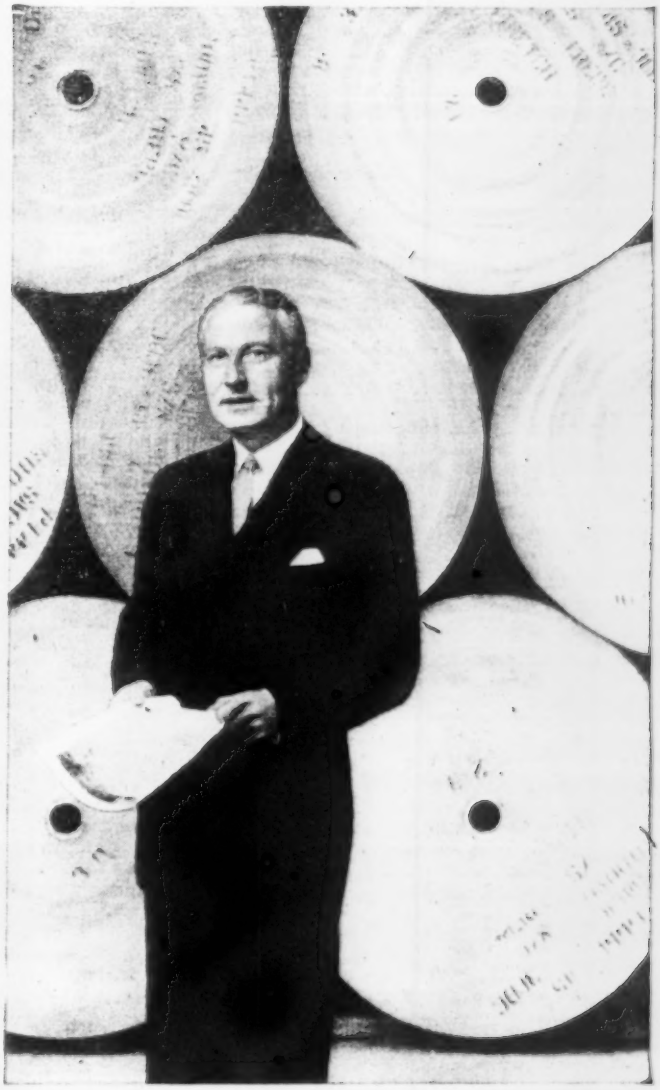
Margot Fonteyn was a dull doll, for the humour of the part eluded her entirely. Certainly the Ballerina should use her face but little, in order to keep up the illusion that she is a puppet, but the expression should not be harsh and strained. There should be moments during her flirtation with the Blackamore when her wide-eyed femininity reveals a kind of amorous wit. The Blackamore, Peter Clegg, was sound, although I would have him more bold, more exaggerated. Again, Frederick Ashton was a sly showman, but he lacked the vicious power of a real magician.

It is a very respectable, very English production of *Petrushka*. But when I saw Woizikovsky dance in Diaghilev's company there was a fire and a tragedy to the story that seemed to break my heart. I am afraid our English dancers are so emotionally petrified that they cannot be roused by this work, although it is one of the greatest dance dramas of western ballet.

It was fascinating to see how contentedly, how happily the company performed the moment they were released from *Petrushka* to dance in *Birthday Offering*. This requires physical, not emotional technique. It is a series of *divertisements*, beautifully arranged and beautifully dressed, in which Dame Margot Fonteyn appears

# How we try to be singularly plural

A STATEMENT
OF COMPANY POLICY
BY THE MANAGING DIRECTOR
OF THE **REED PAPER GROUP**



"One of the most important problems facing industry today is that of reconciling the size of the large business with the initiative which is traditionally the hallmark of the small one. Once upon a time, it was said of us that we were 'a nation of shopkeepers'. But inevitably, of course, the more successful and progressive of the smaller businesses had to grow — both of themselves and by absorbing, taking over or amalgamating with others. The result has been to create a problem of *size* — of largeness for those concerns which have grown and grown and of smallness for those which have remained static.

"In the case of the Group (with which I personally am concerned) containing 19 separate producing and selling companies, the salient issue, I think, is one of how successfully to combine individual initiative with corporate strength. On the one hand, we have to make the resources of our largeness an asset—yet fight shy of red tape and 'remote control from the top'. On the other, we must see that the individual companies, while retaining their traditional enterprise and initiative, are not hampered from development through lack of capital and technical resources.

"The key to the problem, as I see it, lies with *people*. If the Group management is functioning efficiently — by keeping its eye on *overall* objectives and ensuring the recruitment, training and development of key personnel imbued with the right spirit of initiative and personal responsibility — the people who make up the Group will reflect this spirit by functioning efficiently at all levels. And I need hardly add, these good internal relations will also make for better external service.

"Our solution then, within the Reed Paper Group, is the maximum of decentralisation — with the Group management retaining *only* those functions which are vital for co-ordination and concentration of resources. The Reed Paper Group is an integrated, efficient whole . . . yet it is also 19 separate major companies concerned with every aspect of paper making and converting. Each of them, while having access to Group resources, retains its individuality and independence, and understands the character and aims of the Group so well that it can think and act *for itself*. To our customers and shareholders, we feel we may confidently say '*YOU profit from the initiative of each Company backed by the resources of the Group*'."

Hugh G. Wacks.

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not the least bit dull. But the best of this Gala evening came at the beginning, when Markova danced in *Les Sylphides*. Although she has not now the speed and elevation of twenty years ago, her artistry and dancing are still such that in her presence everyone else looks earth-bound, while she alone hovers on the air with immortal lightness.

ANNABEL FARJEON

## Basie

LIKE all artists, jazz musicians play chiefly for the only public whose judgment they respect, that of other musicians. Like all artists, they run their art into trouble if they get too far beyond the control of the ordinary paying public which knows what it likes: provided it does not pay too much or know too much. If it pays too much, the temptation of tin pan alley may be too great: Mr. Bill Haley's rock and rollers *may* be competent jazz-players, but they can't show it in public. If it thinks it knows too much, it will get in the musicians' way. Far and away the best kind of public is one which does not much mind what the musicians play, so long as, speaking broadly, they make the right sort of noise and perhaps loose off a few fireworks now and then; a public which will incidentally allow players and arrangers to satisfy their own consciences.

Few places have provided better conditions of this sort than Kansas City in the years between 1920 and 1940, a hardbitten and remarkably "wide-open" town which has revolutionised the world of jazz, largely through the agency of Count Basie's band, which emerged from it in 1936, and arrived at the Festival Hall on Tuesday. Let us be thankful for Kansas City. Count Basie and his sixteen men are the finest jazz orchestra that has visited this country since Duke Ellington came here in 1933. Two of the British band-leaders who reported in force at the *première* were heard to say to one another in the interval, that they proposed to take their bands off Waterloo Bridge into the river. One sympathises with them, though the situation hardly calls for such extreme steps. Jazz as it is played by the Basie band is simply out of the reach of British musicians, and when they are again reconciled to the fact, they can continue to entertain themselves and us in their more modest way, as before.

The band appeared in a decor which looked like a design for a sea-lions' pool, and was supposed to symbolise its music. Anyone who saw the players, greyish and relaxed with fatigue after their journey, face the press a few hours before going unrehearsed on the stand, will appreciate their mere achievement in getting through the evening. Heaven knows what these softspoken and far from simple men with poker-faced publicity smiles think, as the cameras take the photos which look exactly like those taken in a hundred other cities, or as they play *Low Life* admirably for yet another time. But they don't show it. A combination of extraordinary natural rhythm, supple, controlled and easy, and of equally extraordinary craftsmanship, makes this band not only a superb rhythmic and blowing machine—perhaps the best in the world today—but unforced and alive. This is probably due to the men's complete confidence in their own technical equipment and in one another. There is no doubt that this band comes to us as a team near the peak of its collective form. Some of it is also due to excellent arrangements written for this combination of players and for no other; though lack of rehearsal with the microphones exaggerated the brass somewhat. But the band does not depend on routines, for a group of them semi-improvised the traditional *Royal Garden Blues*, which is far from their normal repertoire, with almost contemptuous effortlessness.

Any way one likes to look at it, this is a very high-class band indeed. Its rhythm spreads with wonderful ease from the few deceptively simple chords with which Count Basie himself opens on the piano, to the rest of the rhythm section and thence to the brass and reeds until, as one admiring British musician said, "every man seems to be his own rhythm section." The soloists are superbly stylish, notably Joe Newman, a slim and elegant trumpet, Frank Foster, a boyish saxophone sporting the small goatee of the avant-garde coloured musician, and the trombone of Henry Coker. And the entire band refrains, with an almost insolent confidence in its powers, from the vulgar and simple tricks of the trade which set the teenagers rocking and rolling. It does not need them. At most it allows itself to batter at their emotions with a mass of brazen sound, but its best numbers are not its loudest, and the band knows it. Apart from a couple of bravura pieces for the drummer and the bass player, Basie makes only one major concession to his singer, Joe Williams, an impassive tall man who hides his thoughts. Williams is a jazz-singer of considerable talent, who has greatly increased the band's popularity in America, but for one critic at least he cannot make Basie play the blues as James Rushing could in the distant days when he and the band first moved us with *Sent For You Yesterday*.

Anyone who wants to listen to a really first-rate coloured band at the peak of its present form ought to hear Basie. Until Duke Ellington returns to this country, British jazz-lovers will be lucky to hear anything which achieves or surpasses this standard of excellence.

FRANCIS NEWTON

## Lust for Death

THE atmosphere of Francis Bacon's exhibition at the Hanover Gallery is exciting. The gallery is crowded from morning to night; the pictures, some with the paint still wet on them, are selling like hot cakes; and one gets the sensation that something new and important is happening. For better or for worse, Bacon has become the most controversial and influential living English painter.

About half the pictures in the exhibition are of a type with which we are familiar from Bacon's earlier work. There are several portraits and figure studies (some of which are not of very good quality), a terrifying chimpanzee-faced sphinx, and two erotic canvases of naked figures embracing in ghastly arenas somewhere between the curtained stage of an empty theatre and a nightmare greyhound track. The second and more sensational group of paintings is dominated by a series of immense studies for portraits of Van Gogh. The first of these paintings is still close to the earlier paintings, but the remainder, which one is almost tempted to suppose were executed after an outing to see Kirk Douglas in *Lust for Life*, mark a completely new departure in Bacon's work. Hitherto he has worked in sombre colours and has achieved his effects through using a small amount of paint in a meagre, sparing manner. The Van Gogh paintings, on the other hand, are violent in colour and thickly impasted, and have obviously been painted in an intensity of excitement.

The idea is an extraordinary one. Van Gogh painted a portrait of himself in a similar fashion, with his paints and easel strapped on to his back, setting off to paint in the countryside; but Bacon's paintings are not merely a reinterpretation of another artist's work in a new idiom, as are, for example, Picasso's paintings inspired by Courbet and Delacroix. The figures often bear very little resemblance to Van Gogh, and neither the composition nor the technique is derived directly from his paintings; even the colour has no direct similarity to that of Van Gogh. What is so remarkable is that the subject matter is immediately recognisable. One gets the uncomfortable sensation that in these paintings Bacon has somehow taken possession of the personality of Van Gogh and fused it with his own. As one might expect, he emphasises Van Gogh's madness and isolation, and he forces out a streak of morbidity which Van Gogh himself fought hard to suppress. It is interesting, too, to see how Bacon has modified and adapted the spatial devices of his previous work to convey a sense of loneliness and desolation; a single line inscribed along a roadway seems to lead the figures inevitably forward, while shadows assume an independent existence of their own. Bacon's admirers will praise his courage in tackling a theme like this. His detractors will feel that he has made an indecent assault upon the personality of a great master. There seems no doubt, however, that the paintings were executed in a spirit of sympathy and admiration; and, while they are still alarming and disturbing, indeed almost repulsive, there is a new awareness of individual human tragedy. It is still a nightmare world, but its emotions and problems are closer than before to those of everyday life. Bacon is a painter whose development follows an inner necessity, and clearly he is on the verge of some important new phase of his art. As he is one of the few English painters of international standing, and an artist of exceptional imaginative gifts, it will be of considerable importance and interest to see what this new phase will be.

JOHN GOLDING

## A Fastidious Composer

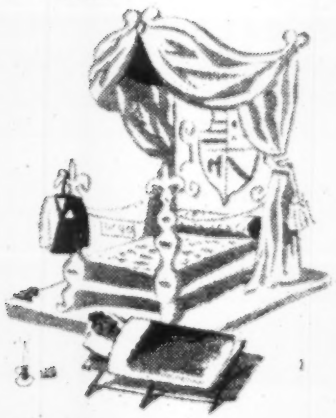
THOUGH late in the day, I must say a word about something that happened in early March. This was a couple of broadcast performances, on two successive days, of Roberto Gerhard's Violin Concerto, played with much skill and warmth of tone by Yfrah Neaman with the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Stanford Robinson. I had hoped to discuss this work together with the same composer's more recent String Quartet, which was to have been broadcast last Saturday; but for some reason the Quartet has been either dropped or shelved.

Dropping and shelving . . . such words arise too often when we consider the career of this gifted Spanish composer who has lived in England for nearly twenty years. Speak of Roberto Gerhard to almost any good musician, and you will find affectionate respect for his qualities alike as man and as composer; on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, tribute was paid to him in a special issue of *The Score* (September, 1956) which is the most useful single source of information about his works, of which it contains a complete and detailed list. But the general public is unaware of his name; none of his music has been recorded; almost none has been printed. Why is this? His music is sometimes stiff, or difficult to grasp as a whole; but much of it is distinctly attractive, even luscious, to the ear. It seems unlikely that Gerhard will ever become a popular composer, for there is something fastidious in his nature which makes against a wide success; but some day he will surely come into his own as a figure roughly comparable with Szymanowski the result of an unusual and fascinating cross-fertilisation of cultures.

He is a Catalan, a pupil of Pedrell, who has endured a double exile: the political exile of a Spaniard who will have nothing to do with the present regime, and the self-willed musical exile of a composer who early felt the need to break away from the narrow national traditions of Spain and to study with Schönberg. Thus the Violin Concerto, which I surmise to be one of his finest works, offers a melange of apparently contradictory matter and manners. It is at once Spanish and international, sensuous and intellectual, playful and noble; and all these diverse threads are held together by a strong, though in no way emphatic, personal character. Gerhard has an ear of extraordinary delicacy, and throughout this fairly long work, even in the tuttis, he invariably delights us by the transparency and sweetness of the sound. I have found the first movement hard to grasp as a whole, partly because of Gerhard's habit of plunging straight into the middle of things without those preliminary gestures, set-

# The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE

WEEKENDS AT WORTNY



It is really fairly essential to get asked to Welbroke-Cortenay (pronounced "Wortny") because not only do the people there have the most tremendous taste, but also everything is absolutely bang period—not just period of course but an actual period with a date which is practically almost even a day of the month. So DO NOT TOUCH.

One or two snags of course. It is no bad idea to slip into your bag a tin of pressed beef: because the kitchens (1485) are only suitable for the preparation of larks' tongues, lampreys, boars' heads and oxen roasted whole—articles which the Co-op, to the apologetic annoyance of your hosts, are not invariably able to supply.

Bring own hot water bottles, because they hadn't been invented by any date which could possibly be admitted as a proper kind of date here. Similarly of course there are no ping pong tables, radio sets or bridge markers. No corkscrews, and the soap in the bathroom certainly is not of the modern kind. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course one can always sit, as long as one sits down very slowly indeed. It is perhaps worth pointing out that it is a good thing not to sit where one might think one was supposed to sit but only somewhere else in a rather bad light round the corner. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course it is rather wonderful to be able to choose the date of the room you sleep in. I always select the one with the bed you are actually able to use. This guest's maid's bedroom is 1788 marred by the restoration in 1789 of a chip out of the nose of the cherub supporting the mirror which was knocked off by an American Secession scent bottle thrown in a Georgian quarrel between a Bastille period husband and wife. So DO NOT TOUCH.

*Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him*

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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**ROYAL BALLET; COVENT GARDEN**
(Theatre Royal: May 13th—18th)
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Elaine Fifield—Nadia Nerina, etc.
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—20 famous Opera Stars from Rome—
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Le Malade Imaginaire—Le Faiseur.
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**ABBEY THEATRE**
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**SEASON OF YEATS' PLAYS**
Globe Theatre Company: (May 15th-26th)
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(May 12th—June 9th)

**PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA**
(City Hall: May 19th and 20th)
Soloists: Louis Kentner (Piano)
Yehudi Menuhin (Violin)

**CORK BALLET COMPANY**
(City Hall: May 12th-18th)
Moy Mall—Capriccio Espagnol—Giselle

**INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL**
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tings of the stage, spotlightings and so forth, by means of which most composers help us to find our bearings; his first bar, for instance, sounds as though the work has been going on for some time; we have the disconcerting impression of having stepped on to a bus already in motion.

The slow movement, which is extremely beautiful, is a characteristic example of Gerhardian diversity in unity. The composer pays tribute to Schönberg by using the note-row of the latter's Fourth String Quartet; but the harmony is subtle, rich, romantic and at times almost impressionistic, not at all Schönbergian in fact, and suddenly we find ourselves in a clear and unabashed C major climax. How can such a mixture work? Yet it does. The finale begins with a brooding and highly emotional section, then breaks into a wild *molto vivace* Spanish dance, with overt references to "the ghost of Sarasate." The unfailing beauty of the orchestral texture, the supple and resourceful writing for the soloist, and the piquant tang of the themes make this movement an exhilarating conclusion to an unjustly neglected concerto.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## Wolfit and Priestley

MR. DONALD WOLFIT, who, a month ago, was rather at odds with the detestable Master of Santiago, is much happier with Malatesta's breed of detestability in the second play in his Montherlant season at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Malatesta, a fifteenth-century Lord of Rimini, is a villain who glories in his villainy; Mr. Wolfit revels in this part, and because he does, so do we. We come upon him when the curtain rises at dagger play with his fencing master and Malatesta promptly defines his character for us by stabbing this wretch in the back after the practice bout is over. News comes that the Pope has decided to send his troops to take over Rimini, and Malatesta, in a rage, sets off to Rome to murder the Pope, no less. The Pope is his equal in ruthlessness and his master in cunning. The murder is foiled, and Malatesta is put virtually under open arrest in Rome. His wife successfully begs for him a month's leave of absence and he returns to Rimini where he is poisoned by the pet man of letters whom he is employing to write his biography.

The play is very much more rewarding, to my taste, than *The Master of Santiago*. Besides the two rich parts of Malatesta and the Pope, there are a number of other roles which lighten the scene with flashes of incisive comment—the pet biographer, for instance, who so devastatingly reveals the temperament of a vacillating intellectual. I cannot pretend that I think that Mr. Wolfit's production is in general a great success, in spite of the excellence of the two main performances. I don't think he has a true conception of what Montherlant is really up to. He throws over both the plays, but this one especially, the sort of romanticism that would be more appropriate for an unequivocal historical costume play. This is not only, or mainly, a question of the dressing and staging (Mr. Disley Jones's decor is well designed, if rather shoddily executed); it runs through the whole treatment and the acting, of the minor roles especially. The savage, cynical humour gets rather lost and the modern gloss is submerged.

All the same it is well worth a visit. Mr. Wolfit himself catches a great deal of the pristine simplicity of Malatesta's kind of wickedness—watch his face, for instance, while the Pope is questioning him about a sacrilegious practical joke. Malatesta is a man with a dæmon and Mr. Wolfit communicates this. Then, for the Pope, there is the rare pleasure of one of Mr. Ernest Milton's most mannered performances. We have two wonderful eccentrics from another age of acting on our stages today, Mr. Esmé Percy and Mr. Ernest Milton. When a part arrives which can accommodate their respective rococo manners, they give us a rare treat of period acting, as Mr. Percy did recently in *The Good Woman of Setzuan* and as Mr. Milton does here.

* * *

It is all too rare to hear good sense talked about the difficult business of writing plays. *The Art of the Dramatist* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.) by Mr. J. B. Priestley is the most perceptive and suggestive book on the subject that I have come across. The form is particularly interesting—and one that might well be used more extensively. The first part is the reprint of a lecture which Mr. Priestley delivered at the Old Vic in September. Then the following night interested people met the lecturer in a kind of seminar. On the basis of these discussions Mr. Priestley has annotated his lecture with a series of extended notes. Provocative generalisations thrown out at the lecture are expanded and examined from different angles with most fruitful results.

This is not a series of tips for beginners (though, as an expert craftsman, Mr. Priestley does give a number of practical suggestions on the side); it is an exposition of the special quality that distinguishes the playwright from the novelist, the kind of double vision or controlled schizophrenia which is required of him. The central theme is developed in a variety of ramifications, there are insights into all the branches of theatre, including admirable examples of dramatic criticism! I hope to return to a fuller consideration of this book in a drier season.

T. C. WORSLEY

## Look Out for This One

IN a week not otherwise remarkable one remarkable film appeared at the Gaumont for a day. This was Robert Bresson's *Un condamné à mort s'est échappé*, and it came late in a French Festival that without it might have lacked weight. We have been asked not to write too particularly about films which will be seen in due course, but I imagine there's no harm in saying that here is much the best film we have seen this year or may expect to see. Each of Bresson's films has been an event; the most recent—and that was quite a long while ago—was *Le journal d'un curé de campagne*, marked by a passion and austerity which will be found again, though under a different guise, in this new ordeal of a French officer imprisoned by the Germans in Lyons during the war. Very different from the imprisonments, so matey and laborious, we have begun to yawn over: here the test becomes spiritual, if with a physical impact more acute. A factual narrative is brought close in detail; the details become obsessive; overtones haunt. Bresson, who uses non-actors and imposes his own strict style, has made of common experience a work of art. Good heavens, if we had a director with a quarter of his capabilities, what a transfiguration would come about in our own war films, which meander on!

Michael Anderson's *Yangtse Incident* (at the Rialto) is rather better than most (of which *The Battle of the River Plate* was the most recent sample), but how flat and superficial on the screen become these stories exciting to read! The originality of the *Amethyst* episode is lost under the conventions of upper and lower deck, film bombardments, studio Chinese, Mr. Richard Todd as the naval officer who pulls the battered boat out and Mr. William Hartnell who wryly fathers the crew, and even music that is alternately chinky and Sea-of-Hope-and-Glory. As usual, the decencies and the reticences have been so well observed that the thing becomes a plain bore, and I don't mind admitting that—half-way through the morning—I found myself dozing off. Bombardment at sea is the film critic's paraldehyde.

But I didn't, at the London Pavilion, sleep through a minute of *The Monte Carlo Story*. The wide screen and Technirama brought an eyeful of Monte Carlo far more appetising than last year's wedding; yachts slid into the harbour, fireworks spilt in the night, the sea was turquoise and the terraced houses hovered in haze, and a penniless count (Vittorio de Sica) took a car from one side

of the square to the Casino on the other; also he courted a marquise (Marlene Dietrich), rich chiefly in pawn-tickets. These two veterans fairly exuded charm; and what better setting could they have chosen? The restaurant, with its nude tapestry and Mischa Auer as head waiter and plumed pheasants borne past and dishes lighted with cascades of brandy are just what we drab Londoners need with the touch of Spring; and then, if we've ever been to Monte Carlo, we can add our own memories. For example, just above the public garden behind the Casino is that Scotch Tea House, with Baked Beans on Toast at the top of its displayed menu; but the film doesn't adventure so far. The only English characters are an old couple wondering politely from time to time whether they dare venture on roulette. The count and the marquise are both gamblers, and under their touch the playing tables, usually so dead—on the screen—acquire a rare sparkle. I don't know that *The Monte Carlo Story* comes near the higher flights, but it is upholstered entertainment, and much better as comedy than the more (supposedly) sophisticated *Their Secret Affair* (Warner's). This relates the attempts of a magazine dictator (Susan Hayward) to break an ambitious general (Kirk Douglas); she falls for him, smears him, withdraws the smear at a senatorial investigation, and they wander off hand in hand in the blaze of publicity. It should be so hard and smart but isn't.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

**"Unaida", at the Players' Theatre**

Miss Tellyviv, as well as Miss Panama and the even more luscious Miss Liberia (the SCUA girls), all get through the Canal at the end of *Unaida*, the topical political revue by Sagittarius and Michael Barsley which opened this week at the Players' Theatre. No one is more pleased at Tellyviv's success than Unaida, a blond Persephone, bringing corn to Egypt, or more angry than Cleo (the dark girl friend of a horridly dictatorial Nasses) alluringly played by Mavis Traill. The final chorus of "Everyone hates everyone" is an agreeably honest antidote to the efforts of Hammer, the High Priest of Uno, who does his unfairly sanctimonious best to pretend that we are all really the best of friends at Suez. The most effective items in this musical are the male choruses of three M.P.s of the Suez Group who sing "We won't let Nasses get the Needle" and "We won't give Yankees one Bahama." Their success emphasises the chief weakness of a show which is excellently produced by Don Gemmell in an ingenious and charming setting by Reginald Woolley. The small stage is apt to become too crowded and some of the wit and precision of Sagittarius and Michael Barsley is lost in songs that are taken too rapidly. Rock 'n' Oil is a brilliant idea, but in such a political farce the words are more important than the dancing or even than music by Verdi ingeniously adapted by Marr Mackie.

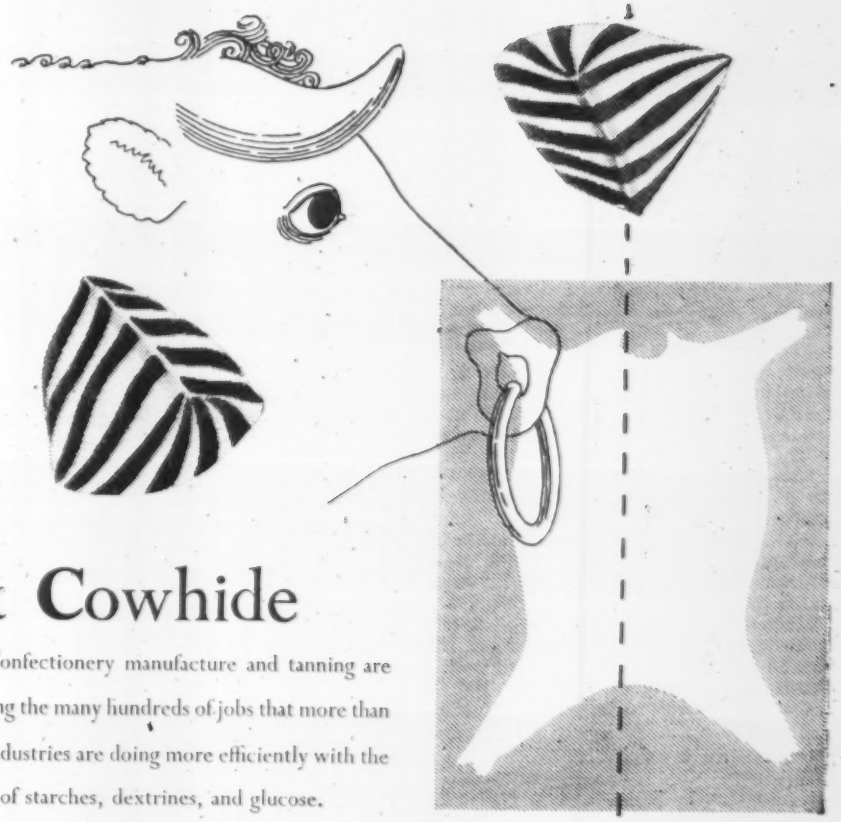
K. M.

**"Damn Yankees", at the Coliseum**

*Damn Yankees* is the latest of the new style let's-be-realistic, life-isn't-all-glamour American musicals. It tells the story of a middle-aged baseball fan who sells his soul on approval to the devil in exchange for becoming 22 and quite the best player in the business. It's a good idea but that's about as far as it goes; the music, the lyrics and the book—with one or two exceptions—are miserably uninspired. Casting, too, has once again proved too much for the producer of an American musical in England. The male chorus of baseball players was the best we have heard for some time and Miss Judy Bruce should be given more to do. But Mr. Bill Kerr as the devil was too much the cheeky chappie and Belita, strangely cast as his accomplice, found it difficult in her knee-length black lace panties to vamp and dance at the same time. Mr. Ivor Emmanuel as the devil's baseball player, wanting to eat and keep his cake, sang pleasantly. The sets, alternating for the most part between a hair cream hoarding, the inside of the changing rooms and the backside of a grandstand, were crude. The spectacular night club scene was Hell.

J. A. L.


Bull's-eyes



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# Correspondence

## BRITISH SOCIALISM

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Nicholas Davenport that Mr. Strachey is nimble at dodging issues. He seems, however, to accept the statement in my article that the programme of the Labour Party contains practically no Socialist ingredients. He says that under present circumstances "either reformist Socialism or American 'New Dealism'—whichever you like to call it" is "alone applicable." When Socialism comes to be equated with New Dealism, the Socialist content has been largely drained away.

The fact that Socialist thought is out of touch with economic and political realities may be regarded by conscientious Socialists as evidence of the wrong-headedness of the electorate. A sounder view, it appears to me, is that there is no magic in the principle of socialisation as a means of economic improvement. Any government, whether of the left or the right, has to work to particular problems. At present, the most fundamental of these are economic in character, and adjustment to the new technological revolution is crucial. Without this, improvement in economic well-being is impossible. Progress toward ideals of social justice has to be kept in step with this necessity, as well as with popular attitudes nourished in the British tradition. Reasonable men can differ as to the proper limits of the *étatist* principle. But Socialism, in the sense of socialisation of the means of production, provides no guidance toward sensible solution of the problems presented.

On these and related points, expressed or implied in my article, Mr. Strachey says nothing. He simply dodges them. Attributing to me the silly "discovery" that British Socialism is not "revolutionary," he raises a laugh and passes on to other subjects. At the same level of argument by epithet and distortion, I should have to start off by saying that "the volatile ex-Communist politician has discovered that British Socialism and American New Dealism are identical"—which is nearer to an accurate rendering than anything he attributes to me. I am not disconcerted by undergoing the full Strachey treatment. (I was reading Socialist literature at an English university while he was still a schoolboy.) But I am sorry that he introduced a method of debate which avoids an interchange of ideas.

The final point in Mr. Strachey's article, though outside my original boundaries, opens up a basic issue between us. He transfers the discussion to the problems of "the Afro-Asian Main." He states the situation of these countries as "approaching the crossroads at which either capitalist or Socialist relations of production must be established." The illusion is created of two sharply defined alternatives. There are, of course, no such alternatives. There are many possible combinations and variations of means—not excluding a brutal "Socialist" totalitarianism. No one doubts that forcing the pace of growth in these countries will require extensive use of state action. But Mr. Strachey's conception of the process is simply the child of his private mythology.

The nature of this mythology is fully displayed in his recent book, *Contemporary Capitalism*. His "vision" of the process of social change is a pitched battle between "capitalism" and "democracy." Capitalism is a monster—the apotheosis of every inhumane, anti-social pursuit of private self-interest. Democracy is a champion of all generous-hearted efforts to attain general well-being and communal interest. The conflict of the embattled giants is described as follows: "In the end the power of contemporary democracy must encroach upon capitalism until its last stage also has been completed; or, alternatively, capitalism must encroach upon democracy until this young, vulnerable and experimental method of government has been destroyed" (p. 255). The triumph of democracy and the attainment of Socialism are synonomous—a state of "perfect co-operation in perfect liberty."

The trouble with this vision is that it is an utterly untrue way of describing the processes of social change. It is a philosophy of class conflict reflecting, it would seem, the latent Marxist virus in Mr. Strachey's bloodstream. Ex-Marxists often turn to the consolations of religion—fulfilling some deep psychic need—but, even so, it is not necessary for them to take literally the legend of St. George and the dragon.

The classic debate on Socialism vs. Capitalism has been outmoded by the run of social developments in the present century. But it lingers on, distorting the character of the real issues of policy. Perhaps, as the older Socialists, who have a vested intellectual interest in the debate, fade away, the intellectual reappraisal of economic structure and social relations will make more headway. The reappraisal would probably get along better if "capitalism" and "Socialism" were deleted from the vocabulary of discussion. Neither of these terms describes any necessary, or indeed any probable, shape of things to come.

12 Wilton Place, S.W.1. PAUL T. HOMAN

## OPERATION PAVEMENT

SIR,—Until the general public go personally, as did Dr. Dobbs, to see the homeless families housed by the local authorities, and hear from them of the circumstances under which they have been rendered homeless, just so long it will be said "there is no housing shortage."

Every social worker knows the trail of misery and unhappiness, and the breaking up of families consequent on the housing shortage. One East End family I have known for over three years has, during that time, moved from relative to relative, and been evicted from various "single" rooms where they lived with one baby, the eldest child being in a school for cripples. A third child was born last summer, and shortly after the eldest child was considered well enough to return home. Within a few weeks they were once more homeless and the two elder children were temporarily accepted by the L.C.C. in one of their homes. The mother preferred to "make her own arrangements for the baby" as she refused to enter a welfare home with the child, as on a previous occasion the elder child had contracted dysentry when in a rest centre. The mother's "own arrangements" were for the parents and child of six months to sleep in a hut in Victoria Park. It is not surprising that as a result the baby had to be admitted to hospital and when recovered went from there to a residential nursery in care of the Council.

After three years of hopeless search, knowing that without children the comparative safety of a furnished room is available for adults alone, these parents have vanished and left no trace. Can we blame them? They loved their children and they did not want the baby exposed to infection: now all are safely cared for. But for three years they lived in hopelessness. This is no isolated case.

Most of the problems social workers are now called upon to deal with are due directly to dreadful housing conditions. Solve this and the sum of human misery to which an official blind eye is turned will greatly lessen.

HOSPITAL ALMONER

SIR,—I was glad to see your journal giving publicity to the treatment of homeless women and children. You may not know that the homeless of London are lucky in comparison with those of other cities. However bleak the accommodation offered them, they at least have somewhere to go. Unless conditions have altered in the eighteen months since I left, the city of Birmingham made virtually no provision. There, welfare accommodation could be offered only to those rendered homeless by unforeseen circumstances, which did not include evicted families. I have known a pregnant mother and her young children spend the night in the park and an illegitimate baby whose mother had nowhere to take it except a public lavatory. These people were feckless and irresponsible, mainly because of poor intelligence, but neither was wicked nor incapable of improvement. The children, of course, were innocent sufferers.

Is it not time that the present negative and inhuman approach to this problem gave way to something more constructive? The mothers of illegitimate babies could readily be catered for by a more ample provision of hostels from which they could go out to work. The evicted families present a more complex problem. Building more houses would not be a complete solution, for a fair number of these homeless families have been evicted from adequate council houses because of failure to pay their rent. The accumulation of arrears can sometimes be prevented by the visits of a special collector who can help with budgeting, obtaining work, etc. These special collectors are employed by some authorities and should be by all.

The worst cases, however, will not yield to this treatment. They need closer supervision and training. I believe that in Holland an experiment has been tried whereby these families are taken to live in special communities. The family unit is maintained and there is a reasonable degree of privacy. The men are sent off to work and the women are given training in housekeeping. As failure on the part of the husband to work regularly and bad housekeeping on the part of the wife, are the main causes of rent arrears, this seems to me an admirable scheme. It need not be expensive and would save its cost in other ways.

At present, these difficult families are nobody's special responsibility. They drift between the welfare, housing and children's departments. They should be put in the charge of one department and a constructive effort made to help them.

4 North Road Gardens, Hertford. C. PORTER

## THE SPLIT MIND OF GHANA

SIR,—Naomi Mitchison would probably be slightly amazed if anyone generalised about "the split mind of Scotland" on the basis of having observed that there are Scotsman who wear sometimes kilts and sometimes trousers, and that Highlanders and Islanders profess to be Christians as well as talking about fairies, second sight and sea-horses; and one can't help taking exception to the superficial generalisation in her otherwise very pleasant little article on Ghana. The distinction between "the Almighty God and the gods of the Fatherland" is in her own mind, not in that of the speaker.


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Our earliest recollections of April seldom (alas!) are concerned with tulips blowing prettily in the showers. It is much more likely that they are centred upon the mildly lunatic festival with which the month begins. And it is all very well for our children to tell us that we cannot be made an April Fool after 12 o'clock on the first; Budget Day brings to most of us the faint suspicion that someone has forgotten the rules of the game. It is all very unsettling; but there is some comfort in the knowledge that (outwardly, at least) the Midland Bank remains unaffected by all this spring fever. It continues steadily on its way, providing banking service for all, in a way that everybody likes.

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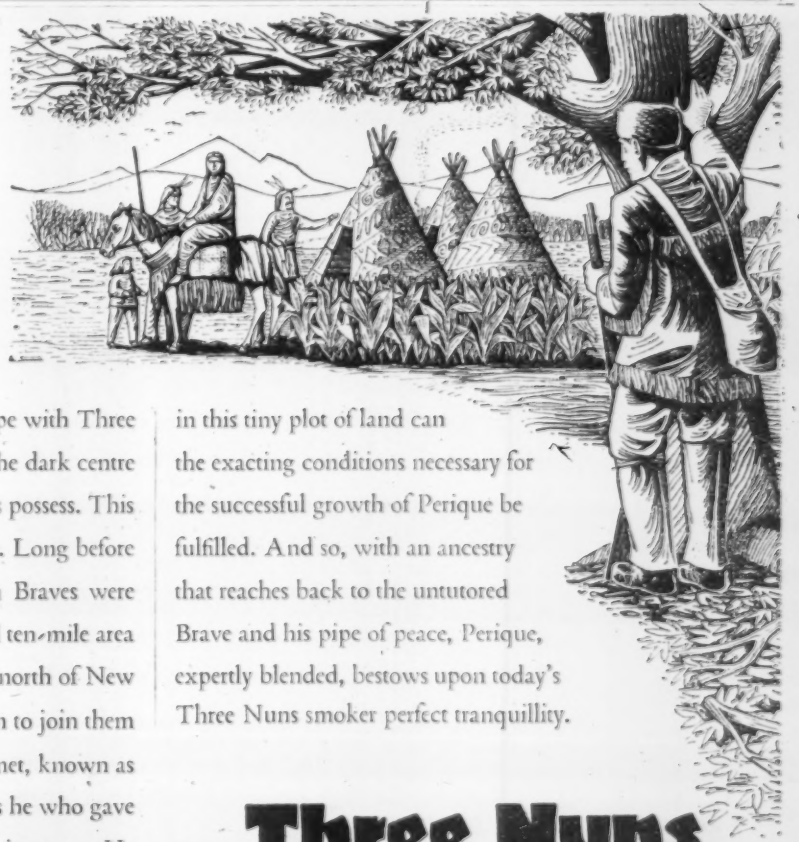

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***with the black heart of Perique***

I don't suggest that Ghana has achieved a perfect cultural balance, and it is always dangerous to generalise about another people, but anyone living long among West Africans finds that many apparent contradictions are in fact harmonies. When European silks were first imported into West Africa, local weavers unpicked them to recontrive the threads into designs of their own, and when the glass beads of Venice arrived on the Coast, Africans melted them down and re-fused them. Such things symbolise one of the most characteristic features of Ghana—the people's happy genius for taking what they want from abroad and marrying it to something of their own. Libation and Christian prayer commonly go side by side and in most of the great occasions of life ceremonial is a mixture of local and imported custom unselfconsciously blended. The achievement of this blend is one of the things a foreigner may most admire and envy, and I think it proves, not that the Ghanaian has a split mind, but that he has a mind of his own.

If anyone wants to see a complete gulf between tradition and importation, he has to come to East Africa; over here there is indeed an opposition between the two, and this is what makes the East African situation peculiarly gruesome.

Makerere College, LALAGE BOWN
Kampala, Uganda.

## TO HELL WITH SUBTOPIA

SIR,—To say that premises are false and conclusions are wrong, and that errors in statistical tables are outrageous, without giving any examples to support the statements, are tactics which are no more serious than any other journalistic gimmick (to quote Mr. Thomas). Blanket disapproval of this sort reads strangely like the sort of thing government departments put out when they want things hushed up. Mr. Thomas may well be trying to do this; if not he ought to specify his charges.

One error I freely admit to: the figures for the distance of housing from countryside (page 415), in comparative open and tight towns, of 280 and 630 yards, should be multiplied by 10. This was entirely my fault, but the correct figures (approx. 930 and 2,100 yards) make the point more clearly than the false ones: that half a mile is a practicable walk to countryside especially if there is something of interest happening on the way there; a mile and a quarter is a bit of a bore, especially down endless and indistinguishable avenues.

If "the appearance of whatever development is permitted" (which is one of the things we are said to blithely ignore) isn't the same as "the look of the thing" (which is said to be our only concern) I don't know what is. Significantly, it is the same thing translated back into "administrative" English, and it is just this habit—which "Counter Attack" called literary rather than visual thinking—which is at the root of the whole problem.

*The Architectural Review*, IAN NAIRN
9-13 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

## COLOUR BARS

SIR,—Sir Cecil Harcourt is reported to have said of the accusation regarding the colour bar in the Victoria League's hostel in Leinster Square as "Distorted Nonsense. It is just not practicable to mix races at the hostel."

I have had the good fortune to have resided at Passfield Hall—the hall of residence of the London School of Economics. There were, during my first year, 142 students of 29 different countries living together as a happy community. Never did I experience any discrimination amongst us. If it is possible for students from 29 different nations to live together in harmony what is there to prevent students from eight instead of from four as at present living at the Victoria Hostel?

Is it not time that people benefited from the experience of such hostels as Passfield Hall. This may yet be another opportunity of paying tribute to the memory of Lord Passfield and his wife.

117 Ferme Park Road, DUDLEY FERNANDO
N.2.

SIR,—As a Rhodesian African studying at a university in Britain, I was much interested in Sir Leslie Plummer's letter about segregation in the University of Central Africa.

It seems to me that the important thing to do, now that the university has been established, is to give it support; and negative criticism might possibly make it difficult to create the atmosphere in which integration of hostels will develop. The onus should now be on the students themselves to prove that they are worthy of the great honour of university membership in which the intellectual relationship should so transcend the local prejudices, that integration will ultimately establish itself by the willing consent of the students themselves.

While the compromise of segregated hostels has been made for financial reasons, it would be extremely unfortunate if the reasons which have been given (e.g., the Land Appointment Act, and fear of alienation of local financial support) should be erected into principles for regimenting the atmosphere of the university one way or another. It is envisaged that these (the difficulties deriving from the legal and local environment) will go away in the course of time. And if the students themselves give the lead they will have knocked the bottom out of the whole case for segregation in any form at the university.

Exeter University. JOHN SHONIWA

## CASTRATO ROLES

SIR,—Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor, in his interesting article on Handel's *Alcina*, recently performed by the Handel Society, speaks of the problem of casting castrato roles in modern performances of 18th-century operas. One of the solutions, he says, is to "use tenors or even baritones, and transpose the voice part down an octave or thereabouts, doing our best to minimise the consequent damage in the ensembles and in the balance between voice and accompaniment. This is the solution used in Glyndebourne's *Idomeneo*." In the case of the Glyndebourne version, however, the transposing and readjustment of the part of Ilamante was done by Mozart himself for a performance given in Vienna in 1786. For this version he also composed a new duet for soprano and tenor, in Act III.

Perhaps Mr. Shawe-Taylor thinks that this is a case in which the alteration, as he says, "works"; but surely it is misleading to say "it is nothing like what the composer intended."

MARJORIE STRACHEY
51 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

[Mr. Shawe-Taylor writes: I doubt if any firm conclusion can be drawn from the changes made by Mozart for the amateur Viennese performance of *Idomeneo* in 1786. This was not a thorough stage-revision, but a series of *ad hoc* adjustments and huge cuts made to suit the limited powers of the dilettante performers; for instance, the last two arias of Electra vanished altogether. Prince Auersperg's circle containing no castrato, and perhaps no lady anxious to appear in male attire, the part of Idamante was allotted to a certain Baron Pulini. Apart from two new numbers, the changes in his part consist of little more than writing it an octave higher in the ensembles whenever it would otherwise have dropped below the part of Idomeneo; the result "works," but hardly suggests the sort of texture we should expect from Mozart if Idamante had been a tenor in the first place. And a tenor Idamante really implies—what we know Mozart to have intended for a proposed performance of the opera in German—a bass Idomeneo.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]


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*BOOKS IN GENERAL*

# Animated Busts

SOME time in 1882 Lord Acton wrote to Mary Gladstone that a friend had at last lent him *John Inglesant*. With his usual voracity for the printed word, he finished it before bedtime. "I have," he added, "read nothing more thoughtful and suggestive since *Middlemarch*, and I could fill with honest praise the pages I am going to blacken with complaint. But if I had access to the author . . . it would seem a worthwhile tribute to his temper and ability to lay my litany of doubts before him." This, at considerable length, he proceeded to do:

> Vol. I, 29. Inglesant's name does not appear in the trials of the Protestants. Did the Marian persecution rage in Wilts?
>
> 73, 74. Here is a Puritan party in Parliament and a scheme to pervert its leaders, in August, 1637. No parliament had sat for eight years.
>
> 90. Would Foxe be the favourite and characteristic author of such Arminians as the Ferrars?
>
> Vol. I, 339; II, 12. Legate and Nuncio are treated as the same thing. They are as different as Praetor and Dictator . . .
>
> 272. The steps of the Trinità were hardly built then [etc., etc.].

"This," Acton commented, "is surely a wilful and wanton confusion of persons, times, and and things. It destroys confidence in the writer's carefulness and knowledge, gives a tone of unreality, and makes one feel that the whole is out of keeping."

Acton's indictment remains the classic case against the historical novel. Its ablest defender is George Saintsbury, who wrote, in his introduction to *Esmond* in the Oxford Thackeray:

> The historical novel is itself the result of the growth of the historic sense acting upon the demand for fiction. . . . If anybody does not like the result, there is nothing to be said. But there are those who regard it as one of the furthest explorations that we yet possess of human genius—one of the most extraordinary achievements of that higher imagination which Coleridge liked to call *esenoplastic*. That a man should have the faculty of reproducing contemporary or general life is wonderful; that he should have the faculty of reproducing past life is wonderful still more. . . .

Between these two poles—the great scholar's severity and the great critic's enthusiasm—all discussion of the historical novel continues to swing.

Meanwhile the vast heap of ruffs, farthingales, breastplates, codpieces, chitons and Brown Derbies accumulates, swallowing up more and more space in the publishers' spring lists*. The scientific historian may turn up his nose at the historical novelist, yet the fact remains that the latter is as active—and as imaginative—as ever. True, writers tend to specialise far more than they once did: we are never likely to see the eclecticism of the late G. A. Henty repeated—those rousing narrations in which, as Chesterton remarked, "the same very English and modern young gentleman from Rugby or Harrow turns up again and again as a Young Greek, a Young Carthaginian, a Young Scandinavian, a Young Gaul, a Young Visigoth, a Young Ancient Briton, and almost everything short of a Young Negro." In his essay (1920) Chesterton complained that the historical novel had fallen "with terrible sameness" into two or three period grooves. Statistics fail to bear out his statement. As I write, I have before me two very odd literary reference books—Buckley and Williams's *Guide to Historical Fiction* (1912), a schoolmaster's attempt to "demonstrate the value of historical fiction as a handmaiden to history proper," and the two volumes of Edward Baker's *History in Fiction* (1903). By comparing the two you can see that there is hardly a period or an incident, in English history at least, that has not been worked to death by some historico-literary imagination.

While Mr. Baker is the more literary and sophisticated, the two ushers are more concerned with factual accuracy. Whereas they list 35 Hentys, all in terms of the warmest approval, Baker is content merely to sniff out a few titles, reserving his comments for a higher class of fiction, *e.g.* Miss M. Brampton's *The Shaven Crown* ("the conversion of the Surrey Border in the time of Ethelbert"); Mr. Bertram Mitford's *Aletta: A Tale of the Boer Invasion* (". . . portraying the Boer at home in a much more favourable light than is usual"); and Rider Haggard's *Lysbeth: A Tale of the Dutch* ("written from the point of view of a strong Protestant and a thorough Englishman"). The schoolmasters, by contrast, praise *Harold, the Boy Earl* for its "description of the Shire-gemot," while damning *The Span O' Life* in which "the account of the interview with the Duke of Newcastle is misleading." They have a strong line in Norsemen—*Thorstein of the Mere, Wulfric the Weapon Thane, The Thrall of Leif the Lucky*—and like their pithier rival, they are much concerned that the young history student should receive a proper grounding in the story of British India. Some of Mr. Baker's Indian exhibits are very strange indeed. Of Miss Flora Annie Steel's *On the Face of the Waters*, a novel of the Mutiny, he writes that it is "full of terrible scenes, like the Massacre of Meerut, and the storming of the Delhi gate . . ." but adds, unaccountably, that it "pays much attention to sex problems, Ibsenism and other modern fashions." Perhaps the best of all is Rai Bahadoor Bankim Chandra Chatterjee's *Chankra Shekar*, a late eighteenth-century romance in Urdu: "the adventures of a spirited girl married to a staid old Brahmin. She runs away with a rascally Englishman, but eventually returns in penitence. The Nawab and Begum of Bengal appear. Wretchedly translated."

Yet the *genre* cannot be simply dismissed as a freak or hybrid. In the case of a great historical novel—*Esmond, John Inglesant, The Heart of Midlothian*—the reader's imagination is genuinely raised to a higher power. True, it is of a different kind and quality to the power generated by, say, *War and Peace*, or, at a third remove, by the contemplation of *King Lear* or the *Agamemnon*. It is of itself, it springs from something organic and autonomous in men's minds, namely, that thirsting desire to immerse and drown ourselves in the past that we call the historical imagination. Not all men share this desire, and on the whole they tend to constitute that band of otherwise highly literate readers who declare that they cannot abide historical novels. There is another point, also. For each of us the past—excepting always that personal past of our own experience which is a perpetual wellspring of remorse, regret, affection and repentance—is something morally sealed off and set apart from the struggle of our lives. The historical novelist, as Mr. Walter Allen says so justly of Scott, "is dealing, in a sense, with life as a finished thing, a completed process, and this is unquestionably, for all that it was the source of much of his strength, a weakness when judged by the highest standards . . ." Just as all feeling without moral activity generates sentiment and its accompanying cynicism, so the historical novel, with certain powerful exceptions, must nearly always, for the reader, be something of an emotional wallow. I think that this is what Bagehot meant when he remarked that Scott's "plain, and so to say, cheerful merits suit the occupied man of genial middle life" and what Mr. E. M. Forster, in his own miffish way, means when he tells us that Scott has "only a temperate heart and gentlemanly feelings."

Here again, one must introduce distinctions. A great many works of art described as historical novels should, in fact, be labelled historical romances. Though the two types wildly overlap, the historical novel proper must always aim at portraying a whole type of society. To fulfil Sir Walter's original blueprint, it must succeed in re-creating, primarily or incidentally, the *mores* of an age. Perhaps I can best explain what I mean by examples. Thus, while *The Black Arrow* is a historical romance, *St. Ives* is a historical novel. In spite of its escapes and hurried journeys, in spite of the wonderful balloon episode with which "Q" ended the book, *St. Ives* re-creates Regency Britain at the height of the Napoleonic Wars—the Highland drovers, the boozy squires and constables, the foxy police spies and surly waggoners, all add up to a sizeable canvas that resembles Scott's in its range and variety. Similarly with John Buchan's historical fiction. *The Free Fishers* is no more than a sublime Regency frolic, but in *Witch Wood* (in many ways his finest book) and even more in *The Blanket of the Dark*, Buchan re-creates a world. Who, that has ever read either of these novels, will forget how in the first the writer raised the coven, the wild backside of Knox and Calvin, and in the second brought Mortimer and Mowbray out of the "urns and sepulchres of mortality"?

Given this somewhat arbitrary and experimental distinction, we must all agree that there is no time like the present for the historical novel in all its variety and richness. For some curious reason—perhaps because, though just as scholarly, they are less fettered to the ideals of

---

* *The Dark Stranger*. By DOROTHY CHARQUES. *Murray*. 18*s*.

*The Player's Boy*. By BRYTHER. *Collins*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

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pure pedantry—almost all the writers who have made their names in this *genre* since the war have been women. The roll-call of their achievements, in the last ten years, is extraordinary. Building firmly on the foundations of the Thirties—Mrs. Naomi Mitchison's *Black Sparta* and *The Conquered*, Miss Rose Macaulay's *They Were Defeated*—they have raised a succession of enduring works of art. Some, like Mme Oldenbourg's *The Corner Stone*, Mrs. Charques's weird and enthralling *The Dark Stranger* or Bryher's new study of the Jacobean theatre are finely woven Gobelins, too tapestried and finished for my taste, but wonderfully evocative nonetheless. Others, such as M. M. Kaye's saga of the Indian Mutiny, display a fine range and solidity of treatment without ever quite reaching the height of the historical argument. (Miss Kaye's book is an extravagantly rich and even bizarre achievement, a kind of English upper-middle-class *Gone with the Wind*, written with a smooth and even gentility that at times almost disguises the writer's gifts as a story-teller: the two books repay comparison.) On an ascending scale, we reach Miss Renault's fictional account of Athens during the Peloponnesian War, to my mind the best novel published last year. So far there has been only one masterpiece.—Miss Prescott's *The Man on the Donkey*, that strange, "meta-historical" epic that holds within its pages the whole Wreck of Walsingham, the crashing convents and the Tudor axes:

> Weep, weep, O Walsingham,
> Whose days are nights:
> Blessings turned to blasphemies,
> Holy deeds to despites;
> Sin is where our Lady sate;
> Heaven turned is to hell:
> Satan sits where our Lord did sway—
> Walsingham, oh, farewell!

But Miss Prescott's great book is not the swan-song of this type of fiction.

JOHN RAYMOND

## In Athens

Her hank and swing of hair
then—the whole face in a glance—the rounding line
of cheek, the childlike
mouth that is learning yet to be composed,
the chin, the joy of the neck; you know each feature
about this stranger
like things you have learned by finger-tips or drawing.

The knock inside your chest:
someone you loved was like her; there is given
neither name nor time, except it was long ago:
the scene, half caught, then blurred:
a village on the left perhaps, fields steeply rising.

A perturbation of pulse,
and a word your body is trying to make you hear
on a city corner. It is so much like
the twist in the plotting of things she should pass here
so near where they talked well on love
two civilisations ago, and found
splendid and jeering images: horses plunging,
that apple cut, the Hidden One.

A wryness,
and a name your body is trying to make you hear. . . .

BERNARD SPENCER

## Dalton by Dalton

**The Fateful Years (1931-1945).** By HUGH DALTON. *Muller.* 30*s.*

Hugh Dalton's handwriting is as bold as his booming voice. One evening at a Labour Party conference the late Arthur Greenwood was sitting, glass in hand, in the County Hotel, Blackpool. A young admirer descended on him with an autograph album. Greenwood owlishly focused his eyes on the open book, across one side of which sprawled Dalton's signature, filling the page. "What's the matter with Hugh?" grumbled A. G.; "Does he think we are all deaf?" This is a common reaction to Dalton—though it is more gently expressed than many of the pained comments which will no doubt greet the publication of the second volume of his autobiography. The recent serialisation of a few brief extracts has already elicited a wail of complaint from Mr. Herbert Morrison and a good deal of peevish muttering in the undergrowth of the Labour Party. But the chief complaint appears to be, not that Dalton lies, but that he is indiscreet enough to tell the truth.

He is indeed an excellent witness: his story is detailed, circumstantial, corroborated at vital points by independent witness and throughout based on contemporary diaries. Moreover his greatest service to history is that he is publishing this massive autobiography while many of those who shared his experience are still alive. So where there is doubt on any matter of substance, his account can be put to the test. Those who charge him with error must, if they wish to be taken seriously, cross-examine and in turn submit themselves to cross-examination while the truth still rests with the living.

*The Fateful Years* opens after the debacle of 1931 when Dalton had lost his parliamentary seat by less than a thousand votes. He did not return to Parliament until 1935, but he remained on the National Executive of the Labour Party and took an increasing share in shaping its policies. The biggest political influence in his life at that time (and perhaps since) had been Arthur Henderson, under whom he had served at the Foreign Office; and Dalton's thoughts were increasingly directed towards international affairs. He pinned his hopes on the Disarmament Conference of 1932; and as that conference failed, wrecked largely by the "National" government in Britain, he began both to appreciate the Fascist threat and to understand that military strength was the only way of meeting it. From 1934 onwards, he was the prime mover in a campaign to persuade the Labour Party first to take a firm line against Hitler and later to abandon its idiotic and contradictory policy of simultaneously talking about "collective security" and "arms for Spain," while voting in Parliament against the Service estimates. Looking back 20 years, there can be little doubt that Dalton was right and that those who opposed him—they included in varying degrees Attlee, Morrison, Greenwood and Cripps—misjudged the reality of the times. Certainly they did their party a considerable electoral disservice, which bedevilled Labour candidates as late at 1945.

Perhaps the most historically important section of this book is the extraordinarily detailed account of the diplomatic and political manœuvre which, beginning in the spring of 1938 with Hitler's campaign in the Sudetenland, ended two years later with the fall of Chamberlain. Dalton leads the reader through this thicket of intrigue, indecision and disappointment with an inside knowledge equalled only by Churchill. As leading Opposition spokesman on foreign affairs and on the Air Force, he was the natural recipient of confidences from all quarters—from anxious Air Marshals, from Foreign Office officials, from ambassadors and from disgruntled Tories. His knowledge of our air defences in this period did not depend only on unofficial sources: much of it stemmed straight from Sir Kingsley Wood, who in May 1938 had succeeded the incompetent

Lord Swinton at the Air Ministry and who, in the 15 months prior to the outbreak of war, met Dalton regularly for private briefings. Dalton was also on intimate terms with the three Slav envoys in London, Maisky, Masaryk and Raczynski, who kept him well informed not only on their own affairs, but also on what Chamberlain and Horace Wilson were up to. These chapters of Dalton should be read in conjunction with Churchill's *The Gathering Storm*. The two accounts of this tragic and shameful period are complementary. Together they tell the whole story of Chamberlain's ignorant irresponsibility and of the unfitness to govern of most of the men who surrounded him.

From the time Dalton himself took office in 1940, his narrative becomes less complete and less coherent. It may be that the diaries dried up: even Dalton's egoism and energy may have been somewhat blunted by the demands of office under Churchill. It may be that security still imposes a curb on what he can write about the Ministry of Economic Warfare and S.O.E. What he does tell is absorbing; but one suspects that some of the tales which reverberate round the smoking-rooms when two or three are gathered together in the small hours are not told here. Above all, I should like to know why he was shifted from M.E.W. at a time when he was doing brilliantly well. The Board of Trade may have been nominal promotion, but it was not directly engaged in waging the war; and that was the criterion by which both Churchill and Dalton himself judged the importance of office. It is true that the three years, three months and three days spent at the Board of Trade, where Hugh Gaitskell and Douglas Jay were his most intimate advisers, were of immeasurable value in paving the way for the industrial and employment policies of the Labour government—for Dalton's own Chancellorship, in fact; but one hardly supposes that this is why Churchill made the change. Was it pressure from inside the Foreign Office? Dalton always commanded a loyal following among the younger officials—Gladwyn Jebb is the most striking example—but his iconoclastic methods, as well as his political beliefs, were widely mistrusted by the stuffed shirts and grey beards; and this seems the most likely explanation for a move which at the time took Dalton himself by surprise. If so, it may have some bearing on the adventure which befell him on July 27, 1945, when Attlee half appointed him Foreign Secretary and then, without explanation, switched him to the Treasury three hours later.

Dalton recounts this episode coolly and unself-consciously. He finds Morgan Phillips's theory the most convincing: that Attlee had always intended Dalton for the Treasury, Bevin for the Foreign Office; that he changed his mind for a few hours when Bevin surprised him by preferring the Treasury, and that on further reflection—and to separate Bevin and Morrison—he reverted to his original plan. Well, it's all quite possible. But, despite Attlee's apparent corroboration, it's not conclusive; and there is at least one highly authoritative source of evidence which suggests some sort of royal intervention.

Let us, however, not be too solemn about all this. Dalton will be read for fun as well as for history. Apart from occasionally wearisome passages of rather second-hand rhetoric, he writes as well as he talks; and he is one of the best talkers in the world—shrewd, good tempered, indiscreet, generous (sometimes over-generous) to his friends and not cruel to his enemies. All these qualities he showed in his first volume. But *The Fateful Years* far outstrips its predecessor by the weight of its political content. I look forward with impatience to the publication of the final volume. It is to be hoped that squeamishness will not delay its publication until all the moaners and groaners who may be affected by it are dead. Dalton's diaries are of first-class historical importance; and the justification of his self-imposed retirement from active politics is that he should serve them to us fresh and hot.

JOHN FREEMAN

## Something to be Thankful For

**Union Street.** By CHARLES CAUSLEY. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Still and All.** By BURNS SINGER. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Critics whose idea of poetry was formed in the Twenties or the Thirties regard contemporary poetry with disappointment, because it is different, and because some of it is strangely unexciting. It would be absurd to look at Mr. Causley's poems even from the standpoint of the Fifties, since except for their modern properties they might have been written at any time during the last four hundred years; they remind one of the songs that Shakespeare introduced into his comedies, and occasionally of Gay, but most of all of the folk-songs and ballads. As Dame Edith Sitwell says in a preface, they are, like the folk-songs, "among the natural growths of our soil." Poetry of this kind fits any age, and therefore fits our own, however surprisingly, and will fit ages when 1984 is forgotten, and the H-bomb has or has not fallen. Mr. Causley, like many good poets, lives in a time of his own, as well as in his own time; he does it more effortlessly and completely than others. The kind of songs and ballads he writes once took centuries to perfect as they were transmitted by word of mouth from generation to generation; and Mr. Roy Campbell, quoted on the dust-cover, says truly that their fine finish "could never have been attained without the most careful work and subtle refinement." I think Mr. Campbell is wrong when he says that Mr. Causley "is more up-to-date than any modernist," for a poetry that fits any date is up-to-date in a special sense.

The songs and ballads, and they are beautifully fresh and natural, are the chief glory of this collection. When they merge with the more elaborate mood and form of the set poem, they attain some-


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MACMILLAN

times a strange beauty, as in *To a Poet who has never Travelled*, quoted by Dame Edith Sitwell:

As I rose like a lover from the ravished sea
My cold mouth stuffed with jewels and with sand,
The fire falling at my hair and hand,
(Her mother the moon waiting for the fee)
I saw you lying by the listening tree.

Unlike most poetry of our time, these poems look outward, and read from the visible world their inner meaning, as do the folk-songs and ballads. Everything is seen, living and moving; nothing is merely thought. To look inwards is not to be profound; to look outwards is not to be shallow, if the poet's emotion and thought and meaning are all waiting for him there. The visible world serves Mr. Causley for images of horror, as in the song of the dying gunner:

Oh mother my mouth is full of stars
As cartridges in the tray
My blood is a twin-branched scarlet tree
And it runs all runs away.

Sometimes the world is merely delightful:

My love my love is a green box-tree
And the scarlet hawthorn berry
Give me five cocky starlings on a grass-green sea
And a lute to be merry.

And in his portrait of the Chief Petty Officer Mr. Causley shows how a bright and exact eye for the external world can bring out character:

He has the face of the dinosaur
That sometimes stares from old Victorian naval photographs:
That of some elderly lieutenant
With boots and a celluloid Crippen-collar,
Brass buttons and cruel ambitious eyes of almond.

The poems in this book are something to be thankful for.

I do not know from what decade Mr. Singer should be judged; perhaps the Sixties. This is his first volume of poetry, and obviously one of the most striking that have appeared for a considerable time. Some of the poems are immature, but Mr. Singer has remarkable imaginative and intellectual power closely combined, and sometimes at deadly enmity with each other, and in the heat of the struggle attaining an intensity where thought and language are fused. He needs a large theme to give scope to his powers, and he finds it in two long poems, *The Love of Orpheus*, and the fifty *Sonnets for a Dying Man*, a very remarkable work. His poetry is a passionate dialogue between two powers difficult to define: they appear in the first few poems as language and reality, and in the sonnets as life and death. It is hard to tell whether in this contest his intellect leads and his imagination follows, or whether his imagination is busily providing material for his intellect. The opposites are generally resolved in a strange enigmatic picture:

My death is sure:
Though safe to watch me going down we stand
Beside ourselves with horror on dry land. . . .
Like two limbs of a cross
Your word, my answers lie
Together in the place
Where all our meanings die. . . .
We two will meet
Where no sun warms,
I, murderer with my body in my arms. . . .

The argument moves towards a solution in the sonnet-sequence *For a Dying Man*, the most ambitiously conceived poem by anyone of Mr. Singer's generation, and to me the most moving. Mr. Singer always carries thought and imagination to their extremity, as when he says to the dead man:

sea and sky
Have disappeared within the earth you fill
Who now learn what you may have guessed before
You do not know the world in which you die.

The same resolve to follow his thought to the end is shown in the fine sonnet on memory, one of the sequence:

Thus as we watch it as we watch to-day
Our eyes, employing shadows, see the sun
Dawn out in China, but we can't say when,
Since all occasions enter, all lights play
Their part in ceremonies we have never seen
And strangers dance explaining who we've been.

Mr. Singer is a poet of quite extraordinary endowment.

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# Russian Fever

**The Russian Novel in English Fiction.** By GILBERT PHELPS. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

If the Gospel of St. John were suddenly blotted out from human knowledge the work of Dostoevsky would replace it: so Mr. Gilbert Phelps quotes from an anonymous English reviewer in 1916. Many others were equally extravagant. The slowly mounting passion for the Russian novelists of the 19th century had reached the point of fever. Here and there might be heard the usual complaints of Russian gloom, the usual jokes about the Russian soul and the parodies by the club wits; but there is hardly a novelist or critic without the high temperature. The immediate causes are easy to see. Sir Compton Mackenzie saw the signs in the translation of Gorki at the beginning of the century, but Constance Garnett's translation of *The Brothers Karamazov* in 1912 made the fact incontrovertible. There is war hysteria to reckon with; there is the sense of the dissolution of Victorian society and its values, the loosening of the rigid conception of the nature of consciousness. Like excited travellers, the English reader and the English novelist felt they had come upon strange, unexplored areas of their natures. And then, by the late Twenties, the fever declined, to be more modestly revived in the last war. Mr. Phelps has made it his business to follow the fever back to its sources—for the Russian novelists had been known in England, and even more in America, from the 1850s onward—and to follow the history of the changing but impressive Russian spell. His book is short and cool, but it is scholarly and full of interesting suggestions; it requires, as he admits, a considerable expansion of the chapters given to Dostoevsky and Chekhov where there is a lot more to say and of more concern to ourselves. He promises this in a later study.

The reader who has assumed that the Russians had simply the general attraction of powerful exotics will be surprised both by their early success in Europe and by the intimacy of their influence. It begins effectively with Turgenev, of course, who knew George Eliot and was published by Dickens. For a long time he was the representative of Russian in the West, as a voluntary exile and a Westerner. Henry James was explicit about his debt in the preface to *Portrait of a Lady*; so, at the end of this period, was Galsworthy in whom, as Mr. Phelps shows, there are correlative passages. It is strange to us now—though it ought not to be—to hear of the enormous impression made by Turgenev's *Virgin Soil* in America, not merely on the American reader but on the novelists and critics. These saw a parallel of scene and subject in the American South. Where the English saw the novelist's novelist, the artist with the artist's sense of exile in his own community and one who had the luck, from our point of view, to be a partridge-shooting gentleman, the Americans saw the portrayer their society longed for and had failed to breed. Turgenev is to be found, among us, in Gissing, of all people, in Conrad, in George Moore, in all who were ridding themselves of what Henry James called "the dull dispute" of what is and is not "moral."

And here we approach one of the fundamental reasons for the warmth of the Western reception of the Russians. The Victorians had been shocked by the total materialism of French naturalism in Zola or by its coldness in Flaubert. Were human beings mere chemistry or mere phenomena to be considered scientifically? If social convention had mutilated the Victorian novel, did this mean that we could portray real life as it is only in absolute and brutal terms? We lacked the intellectual ruthlessness. The Russians offered us compassion and a more merciful conception of human nature, something looser in form, and undogmatic in theory. They were careless like ourselves, even sentimental. They wrote about *everything*; but had not assumed that this "everything" consisted only of the things convention or temperament forbade us to mention or dwell on. I do not think Mr. Phelps makes quite enough of Russian literature's relative freedom from sexual obsession, in this phase; nor does he stress strongly enough—what is still secretly resented in England—the liberation from what Henry James, again, called the "conceit of plot." The Russians came to us from a feudal society, very little touched by the restrictive and formalising spirit, so powerful in bourgeois society and indeed of its very nature. Neither in æsthetic, nor in their view of human beings, were they schematic or rigid; indeed caprice, contradiction, mood, a natural and even generous acceptance of the whole person and a willingness to regard him as possibly larger than his own central drama, gave freedom and delicacy, as well as "broadness" to the portrayal of character. By "moral," the Russians did not mean a scheme of right and wrong: even in Tolstoy the issue is stated in the terms of a fabulous and primitive Christian teaching. The final seduction of the Russian novelists was their freedom from any sense of time or event as a pressure, forcing us, watch in hand, through our moral development. There was rather the sense of the passing of life unchecked and liable to uncontrollable casualty.

Yet it is this last characteristic of the Russian novelists that has made them unadaptable, except in the most superficial way, to the West. Whatever the major lessons they felt they had learned, the English could not but be trivial in what they borrowed. Turgenev, the exiled artist, becomes the gentleman; the Tolstoyans become simply literal; the Dostoevskians become either false exhibitionists or—as Stevenson did in *Markheim*—merely unmystifying; the Chekhovians

bitty. One can borrow everything from a writer except his moral imagination; one can borrow what he says, but not the force and history which made him say it. Mr. Phelps gives us many examples. There is, sometimes, a liberation such as Henry James felt. Occasionally someone put his finger on a vital point: Gissing sees the importance of the comic in Dostoevsky and realises how fatally the similar genius of Dickens was circumscribed and stunted. The prejudices of his education and class took from him a scene like Raskolnikov's confession to Sonia, which lay within his potential. Stevenson sees the importance of Raskolnikov when he speaks of his "protoplasmic humanity"; and D. H. Lawrence, despite his hostility to Dostoevsky, had got support from him, as Mr. Phelps suggests, "for his rejection of what he called the old 'skin and grief form' of the self-conscious stylists", who thought character stable. It is in the loosening of the social man's hold on character, as we see it in the English novel, that the Russians had their effect. Whether that is permanent or whether it is an historical episode in the break-up of middle-class values, is another question. I hope that when Mr. Phelps fills out this book he will go into it. I rather think that, as far as influence is concerned, foreign novelists travel but cannot arrive to stay when a tradition is strong.

V. S. PRITCHETT

# Horthy-Culture

**October Fifteenth : a History of Modern Hungary 1929-1945.** By C. A. MACARTNEY. *Edinburgh University Press.* 2 vols. 84*s.*

An art-editor once complained to Thurber that his women were not attractive. Thurber replied: "They are to my men." Professor Macartney feels much the same about the Hungary of Admiral Horthy. Others may find nine hundred pages and more a bit much when devoted to the details of political intrigue; and may weary at the attempt to distinguish every nicety in collaboration with Hitler. Mr. Macartney, however, is unabashed. His work is a monument of misplaced learning. He has assembled a vast collection of sources—probably greater than any man can ever do again; and he has supplemented this by a patient cross-examination of every surviving actor. We can follow the moves of Teleki and Kallay from day to day, almost from hour to hour; those of Horthy at the end from minute to minute. No other country in Europe has had its recent history reconstructed so microscopically. Nor, one should add, with more literary grace. Mr. Macartney writes with an affectionate sympathy which extends even to Szalasi.

Unfortunately we cannot leave the book with this charitable verdict. It is a political tract despite its display of scholarship; neither more nor less than a defence of the Hungarian collaborators and, implicitly, a denunciation of those who condemned them. It echoes all the interminable volumes which have been devoted to a similar defence of the Vichy government in France. This, too, may be justified. Even scamps and rogues are entitled to have their record examined. But Mr. Macartney is not content to stand on the record. He is constantly hinting that if only the British government had taken his advice and been more sympathetic to Horthy's regime all would now be well in central Europe. We ought to have favoured Hungarian "revisionism"—that is, the seizure by Hungary of Czechoslovak territory. We ought to have understood that Teleki was really on our side, despite his alliance with Germany. We should have appreciated that Kallay really wished to fight on the side of the Western allies against the Soviet Union. This raking-over of historical "might-have-beens" is futile and mistaken as well. In the heyday of Hitler's power no country in Europe could be saved from conquest and exploitation. Resistance and collaboration, courage and intrigue, were equally hopeless. What could be saved was honour. This alone is the justification for the Poles or de Gaulle; and it is enough. Horthy and his advisers chose a different course.

I must not conceal my own interest in this dispute. In the days when Mr. Macartney was preaching collaboration with the collaborators, I saw the only hope for Hungary in a new democratic order under the leadership of Michael Karolyi. This, too, was a barren enterprise, as things turned out; but it was at least an honourable one. Michael Karolyi was the noblest man I have known. It turns my stomach to read Mr. Macartney's cheap sneers at him—he is even condemned for living at one time in North Oxford—and at the fulsome praise of men who were not fit to clean his boots. Karolyi is dead; and these are dead quarrels. In ordinary times we could pass over Mr. Macartney's perversity with a smile. But these are not ordinary times. Hungary has just made a great struggle for freedom; and it is lamentable that an English professor should choose this moment to publish a full-blooded defence of the Horthy regime. Of course we know that professors are irresponsible and that Mr. Macartney's eccentric views are held only by himself. In Hungary these things are not so clear; and the book will be used to bolster the Communist legend that the Hungarian revolutionaries were hoping to restore the Horthy system with Western aid. Maybe free Hungary has no future. But those who hope otherwise should advise the Hungarians to remember the legacy of Michael Karolyi and to forget all about Horthy, as indeed most Hungarians have already done.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

# Zoophagy

**To the Four Winds.** By CLARE SHERIDAN. *Deutsch.* 25*s.*

**Extra Special Correspondent.** By G. WARD PRICE. *Harrap.* 21*s.*

**Oh ! That Spike.** By OLGA FRANKLIN. *Hammond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Baron by Baron.** *Muller.* 21*s.*

I often think—when confronted with a batch of autobiographies—of Renfield, the zoophagous maniac, Dr. Seward's pet patient, in dear old *Dracula*. Renfield suffered from the primitive delusion that the more lives he could ingest the stronger he became. He devoured first flies, later, to save trouble by a kind of arithmetical progression, spiders. The memoirs-addict resembles Renfield in imagining that vicarious experience can be absorbed in bulk.

Renfield would be in no doubt about which of these is the spider volume. *To the Four Winds*, though to some extent a recap of Mrs. Clare Sheridan's *Nuda Veritas*, recollected in a bit more tranquillity, is greatly expanded so that it amounts to an entirely new book. It communicates a generous, dashing, powerful if sometimes almost alarmingly sculptressy personality. Mrs. Sheridan's affiliations are Anglo-Irish-American and aristocratic Bohemian. An immensely strong and beautiful woman, she is eleven years younger than her cousin, Winston Churchill, but gives you the impression of being still in her fifties. No wonder she bowled over Kamenev and Trotsky. The famous visit to Russia in 1920, in the middle of the civil war, remains the set piece.

Mrs. Sheridan, you may remember, met the charming and civilised Kamenev in London, attached herself to him *toute entière*, and went with him to Russia to do busts of the Bolshevik leaders. They travelled via Stockholm: "Kamenev apologised for listening [when she telephoned the Crown Prince]. He said he'd been frankly curious to hear *how* I spoke with royalty. My manner satisfied him." At first she stayed with the Kamenevs in the Kremlin, but Mme Kamenev's jealousy became so oppressive that she moved to a hotel. Her accounts of Lenin, pleasant and considerate but not interested, absorbed in a


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new book on economics, and Trotsky, the dashing sophisticated gallant, paying her compliments in French—*Vous me caressez avec des instruments d'acier*—make fascinating footnotes to history. How liberal, despite all the horrors and privations of the civil war, the atmosphere of the Kremlin seemed then! You almost expect to find Mrs. Asquith dropping in for a game of bridge.

Some of Mrs. Sheridan's enthusiasms may seem rather indiscriminate for they include not only Gandhi and Chaplin, but Dr. Axel Munthe and Robert Hichens. She finishes, after some pleasing glimpses of the wartime Churchill—always her friend, always warm-hearted—with an audience with the Pope.

Mr. Ward Price's reminiscences cover the same period as Mrs. Sheridan's, from the Edwardian afterglow to headlong decline. He began on space on the *Daily Mail* in 1908. This, as he points out, was the Golden Age of journalism: "There was no wireless, television, or newsreel to cater to the public zest for information." Neither were there public information offices with copious hand-outs. The special or foreign correspondent was the little terrier on the spot, scrabbling for news with sharp nose and eager paws. He had to be a good deal nippier and more self-reliant than his present-day counterpart.

As Northcliffe's special correspondent, Ward Price covered the Balkan War of 1912, became Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail* at the age of 26, and was there in August, 1914. Later he was official press correspondent at the Dardanelles. His assignments in international conferences between the wars included interviewing the dictators from the Rothermere appeasement angle, about his connection with which he is fairly frank. He also reported the Prince of Wales's world tour in the *Repulse*. ("You mustn't mind," said the Prince—who was playing the part of the Young Lady in *The Bathroom Door* "if when we come to the point where I smack your face I hit fairly hard. That's sure to raise a laugh.") In World War II he was all over the place.

He ought to have written a remarkable book. There is material enough in *Extra Special Correspondent* for six volumes. Perhaps that is the trouble. He has put it all in, unshaped, strung together with clichés, so that it reads as if it has been dictated in a series of sharp barks by a smooth haired fox terrier. Worth reading for its stories but a bluebottle of a book. Renfield will be disappointed.

*Oh! That Spike* is an entirely different kind of journalist's book, thoroughly nineteen-fiftyish with everybody about to disappear into a vast hole in the office floor at any moment. It gives you a newspaper editorial life from the woman reporter's angle, written in hard-boiled colloquial: "So always beware of (especially in a murder case) the journalist wide-boys who always know or pretend to know the story behind the story. They can put any good-girl right off her stroke and this is their aim." There is an interesting visit to Moscow. Towards the end, in order to avoid libel and hurt feelings, Miss Franklin starts writing fiction instead of fact but Renfield by then will have had his little snack.

Baron's posthumous published apologia is just about what you would expect from a fashionable photographer of the new hearty school. There are scores of stories about celebrities. Renfield will get indigestion. My favourite is this:

> We had not been at sea more than a day when, to my surprise, Isaac Wolfson approached me and said, his eyes alive with interest: "Hey, Sonny, are you the wee lad that photographs the Queen?"

There is also evidence of a strong industrious Mancunian-Jewish drive and one-pointedness that accounts, more than any particular optical talent, for the success. It is combined with a friendly zest, by no means entirely professional, that makes for readability. I find it highly significant of our time that Baron should have to some extent combined the roles of Stockmar and Falstaff.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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"Certainly one of this year's finds . . . An overriding passion that startles." (*Yorks. Post*)

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# Finest Hour

**Grand Strategy.** Vol. II. By J. R. M. BUTLER. *H.M.S.O.* 42*s*.

**The Defence of the United Kingdom.** By BASIL COLLIER. *H.M.S.O.* 50*s*.

At Victoria Station shortly before the war Arturo Toscanini is said to have been knocked down by a horde of bobby-soxers crowding to welcome Mr. Robert Taylor. Hardly less striking has been the contrast between the reception accorded to Sir Arthur Bryant's flamboyant edition of the more lurid extracts from Lord Alanbrooke's diary and the manner in which these two grave volumes of the Official History of the War, calmer, perhaps, but at least as informative, have slipped almost unnoticed out of the Cabinet Office. Professor Butler, as editor of the Military Series, has fittingly reserved to himself the volume dealing with the most anxious years of the war, when we stood, as we have never tired of reminding everyone since, alone; Mr. Collier's work, covering our air, sea and land defences before and during the war, provides the fullest account of the Battle of Britain, of German invasion plans, of the Blitz and of the V-weapon campaign that has yet appeared; and both achieve the miracle which we have come to take for granted from the writers in this series, of weaving from unnumbered masses of documents, from the drafts of dozens of assistants and from the comments of every imaginable officer and public official concerned, readable works of lasting value which deserve the close attention of intelligent laymen and the professional historian's most profound respect.

Mr. Collier traces back his threads to the immediate aftermath of the First World War; Professor Butler takes up his in September, 1939; and the background to the events and decisions which they describe is roughly this. The ideas of the statesmen and the service chiefs who shaped our defence policy at the outbreak of war were dominated by the determination, not so much to learn from the events of 1914-18, as to prevent them ever occurring again. The contrast with the German strategists is interesting; for while von Seeckt and his pupils were interested in developing the techniques of rapid and decisive movement which had brought Germany success on her Eastern Front and which, in 1918, the Allies had turned against her in the West, the British remembered from that war only the bloody and inconclusive attrition of the Somme; drawing from it the conclusions, first that they must never get involved in a massive land war again, and secondly that air power, in the shape of the bomber, would make such land battle as unnecessary as it was inconclusive. This second conclusion, drummed into the Air Staff by the fanatic zeal of Lord Trenchard, led to a pre-war development of bomber strength not only at the expense of army co-operation but, as Mr. Collier shows, at that of the fighter defences of this country. It was a mistake which Goering made as well. We redressed it in the nick of time: he, fortunately, did not. The first conclusion meanwhile made us unwilling to consider sending more than a token force to help the French, until the loss of thirty Czech divisions at Munich made us succumb to French pressure and agree to send four divisions instead of the two originally intended. But in September, 1939, this strategy was jettisoned overnight, and the Chamberlain government, despite the remoteness of any possibility of equipping them, decided to raise fifty-five divisions. What lay behind this sudden change of policy Professor Butler does not say. One is tempted to surmise a confusion of aim on the part of the defence planners which cannot be laid on the shoulders of those favourite whipping boys, public apathy and government retrenchment. Nor can the services themselves escape blame for the appalling confusion which made our first operation, the Norway expedition, rank with the Dardanelles and Walcheren as one of the most discreditable episodes in our military annals. It is curious that British strategists have never studied and rehearsed amphibious operations with the scientific diligence which the French and Germans have devoted to the problems of deploying mass Continental armies. These should be our triumphant speciality; yet repeatedly inter-service misunderstanding, lack of imagination and insufficiently hard thinking have produced failure after humiliating failure. Of these Norway was not to be the last.

The relief that was felt after Dunkirk, the equanimity with which we accepted the fall of France, was very largely a result of the belief that in September, 1939, British strategy had taken a wrong turning and now things were in a healthy state again; that if the threat of invasion could be averted we could conduct the war against Germany by much the same maritime strategy as we had conducted the old wars against France, and had nothing much to fear. But Mr. Collier makes it quite clear how grave the threat of invasion was. Had the Germans won command of the air, our forces had no hope of repelling even an attack so hastily mounted as Operation Sea-Lion. Research may have corrected the more hyperbolic statistics of the Battle of Britain, but in historical perspective the strategic importance of those air battles in August and September, 1940, grows steadily greater. The British troops available to fight the invaders had not only left all their arms in France; they had, to quote Lord Ironside, "not been trained to take the offensive: to create an offensive spirit suddenly, with no mobility, no armour and no training was impossible." The official historians quote this pathetic admission without comment; but it was a state of affairs which Alan Brooke very rapidly changed.

How, in fact, did we hope, in the autumn of 1940, to win the war at all? Professor Butler provides the answer from official sources: by bombing, by subversion and by blockade. Our planners were then very much more confident than they afterwards became. The German oil position, they reckoned, would become "disas-

trous" by the end of 1941; and they looked forward to "the creation of such intolerable conditions in Germany by an ever-increasing force of bombers that the German armies would be forced to return and the Nazi regime be overthrown." Such optimism was admirable and perhaps necessary if we were to continue fighting at all, but within six months it was becoming clear on what inaccurate calculations it was based. The blockade was marginal in effect, for supplies poured into the Reich through Russia, through Vichy France and through Japan; and intelligence reports showed that our bombing, which had been expected to bring the industries of the Ruhr "virtually to a standstill," was negligible in its effect on German productivity and morale. By June, 1941, our planners were forced to admit that "the active belligerency of the United States has become essential for a successful prosecution and conclusion of the war." They were not to know that the situation had already been transformed. In December, 1940, Hitler had switched priority from the air and naval war against Britain to army preparations for an invasion of Russia. It was, perhaps, the most far-reaching decision taken by a European statesman since Louis XIV, after the battle of La Hogue, broke up the magnificent French navy and left to Britain the unchallenged command of the seas.

To the angry old men who now ask plaintively what we have gained by our victory I recommend page 180 of Mr. Collier's volume, where they will find a bilingual notice printed by the Germans for use after their invasion had succeeded: "*Dieses Haus darf nur mit Genehmigung des Befehlhabers der Sicherheitspolizei für Grossbritannien betreten werden*", it reads: "No entrance without permission of the Chief in Command [*sic*] of the German Secret Police for Great Britain." It is evident that the young men of Fighter Command did not die entirely in vain.

MICHAEL HOWARD

## Radical John Bull

**The Strange Case of Thomas Walker.** By FRIDA KNIGHT. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 21*s.*

The common people's history has too many martyrs. Our heroes are the oppressed and weak; they die gallantly and pathetically defeated; or they proudly turn the other cheek and leave a noble example behind. How unregenerately pleasant it is to meet a forerunner who is red-faced, choleric and domineering, who returns two blows for one when the purse-proud are oppressing, who attacks them cunningly where they are weak, is always victorious, and is last seen among the ruins of their fortifications, snorting his indignation at their impudence in attacking liberty. Thomas Walker, the prosperous fustian-maker of Manchester in the 1790s, was one of these; Church-and-King mobs, personal enemies and Pitt's magistrates, confident that Radicals and Paineites were safe game, took him on and were left lamenting. William Roberts, for example, a Tory enemy, put out (not without provocation) a leaflet saying:

> MR. THOMAS WALKER
> commenced his virulence against me like a BULLY
> has conducted it like a FOOL
> has acted in it like a SCOUNDREL
> has ended it like a COWARD
> and at last has turned a BLACKGUARD
> and unworthy of association with or notice of any Gentleman who regards his own character.
> WILLIAM ROBERTS

Did Walker treat this with high-minded disdain? He did not; he put Roberts in court for libel and got damages and costs that shut the man up for good. The Church-and-King mob, organised by the local Tories, attacked his house, thinking to sack and burn it as they had done Priestley's in Birmingham. Instead of letting this happen and appealing to the conscience of the nation, Walker collected "a few gentlemen with muskets" and fired at the crowd, which fled unhurt but squalling. Then he went to the Tory magistrates and thundered at them for failing to protect a manufacturer's property, until they cringed and promised it should never happen again. The magistrates mounted a trial against him for sedition; he and his counsel, the famous Erskine, wrecked the case by destroying the character of their chief witness, the perjurer Dunn. The climax was a question and answer which must be rare in court records:

> *Q.* Then how came you to say these things?
> *A.* . . . I was intoxicated, the same as I am now.

Mrs. Knight has assembled the facts about the ten years (1784 to 1794) of his greatest activity. She gives us little before and after, and little about his commercial background, but, as G. D. H. Cole says in his preface, it may be that the material no longer exists. In any case, the story is engaging and has an obvious moral; the book was well worth publishing, though its value to the historian is lessened by the absence of an index.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

## New Novels

**There Is A Happy Land.** By KEITH WATERHOUSE. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Unfaithful Wife.** By JULES ROY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Such as We.** By PIERRE SICHEL. *W. H. Allen.* 18*s.*

*There Is A Happy Land* is the story, in his own words, of a few weeks in the life of a boy of about eight who lives on a housing estate in the north of England. He is a well-anchored and sensible figure, quite devoid of anguish and of tragic or messianic potentialities. He is not a sensitive indicator of the horror and cruelty of ordinary life, but a distinctly practical personality, occupied with the diplomatic adjustment of his relations with other people and with generally filling in his time, and he is not at all in revolt against his world or in flight from it. Diplomacy and its occasional continuation by other means form the main substance of the narrative. The hero has a friend, Ted, who is one of those people who are outraged if you start treating them as they treat you. They fall out and the hero's attentions are shifted to a girl living nearby called Marion Longbottom who inspires inarticulate, if not particularly romantic, feelings in him that are strong enough to suppress his impulses to make jokes about her surname. But Marion is after more complicated satisfactions than the general larking about that he regards as the true stuff of life and comes ultimately to a sticky end. The hero finds himself alone, cast out from his usual circle by Ted's machinations, and the limit of his disgrace is reached when he is beaten up by the despised, dishonest and bespectacled shopkeeper's son who has always been the chief victim of the group's contempt. But life goes on, one must find things to do, one's humiliations get forgotten.

The hero's self-expression is efficiently managed. An idiosyncratic use of the word "like" and rather extended recourse to accusative personal pronouns are its chief peculiarities. Fairly complicated thoughts get expressed in very simple terms without oddity. Things are skilfully arranged so that he does not have to be credited with any supernaturally profound reflective powers. The detail of the surroundings, that kind of Labour scenery first celebrated by Auden, is excellently put across but with proper economy, for why should the hero be at all excited by the housing estate, slag heaps, Clerk of the Works department and rhubarb fields among which he lives? Mr. Waterhouse lets himself go a bit more on the hero's cultural life, allowing him to wonder about the £50 notes and the pies with "pie" written on them that he finds in *Film Fun* and involving him in a constant flow of backchat, rigmarole, insult, riddling and so on with his friends. There is a splendid visit to the pantomime where he and Ted are thrown out for giggling in the wrong places and some pleasing


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**PHILOSOPHY**

*The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy*
*Edited by H. D. Acton*

*Vol. XXXII, No. 121* *April, 1957*

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stray reflections on religion and the Wolf Cubs. Altogether a modest, attractive and entertaining book.

*The Unfaithful Wife* is a startlingly laconic work, so much so that it is only just long enough to count as a novel at all. The scene is a French air base in North Africa, a Lieutenant Ferrer has just crashed his plane into the sea and his superiors, Captains Dumard and Rousseau, are hunting around for his wife in order to break the news to her. Rousseau has been her lover and Dumard wishes that he had been. Ferrer himself is rather a faint character. In the grim world of aviation it seems that one cannot satisfy both one's wife and one's Davis, the charmingly-named variety of plane that figures in the story. The main point, I imagine, is the ambivalent reaction of the introspective, sexually ineffectual, Dumard to the revelation of Rousseau's affair with Mme Ferrer. An essentially northern character, he comes to share in the general tropical mutability of feeling, switching from anger to sympathetic envy to tolerant understanding and back to anger again. The tension between the two captains is an image of the hostility of the physical environment and their occupation to their human nature and, more generally, of the inadequacy of life to men's desires. This is effectively put over, without explicit moralising, in precise, staccato and slightly stilted sentences. The tone is wry, dogged and shoulder-shrugging but with none of the emotional self-indulgence of so many exposures in French fiction of the recalcitrant nature of the universe.

Where M. Roy uses the minimum of apparatus Mr. Sichel, in his substantial fictional mass, *Such As We*, gives us the whole lot. The book falls into a familiar American category—the panoramic biography in which a character is followed with the fullest possible surrounding detail through a largish tract of life. Marquand is the most sophisticated exponent of this kind of thing but there is little reliance here on his technical standbys of flashback and reverie. It is precisely on the technical level of Wouk's *Marjorie Morningstar* and makes much the same appeal to one's sociological curiosity. It has very little to offer in the way of formal graces: countenances are illumined by rare, flashing smiles, characters strive to sustain one another in their travails and despite their low spirits continue to work with a dispatch that makes their friends marvel. This jadedness of language is not fatal, for the book's effect depends on the density and complication of detail in the world it creates.

The story is at once boring, because it is everybody's, and fascinating, because it is unique. It concerns a rich American girl's coming to terms with life and arrives at a rather cloyingly bittersweet conclusion. But things of interest are to be encountered *en route*. Elaine goes through everything appropriate to her station in life. At twelve she has a front seat in the events leading up to her parents' divorce, she learns the difference between boys and girls, finds her father's body after his suicide, is expelled from one school, has a Lesbian interlude, decently veiled with purple patches, at another. She is a flop at her first college dance but goes on to become the deb of the year. Her marriage fails but she hacks out a reasonably successful career in the fashion business. It all has the point and interest and strictly artistic merit of other people's family photograph albums. If you are nosy, if you have an appetite for a quite pedestrian sort of human information, you will like it. It is really a contemporary historical novel and none the worse for that. A fairly faithful account of the outside of people is much more interesting than an inaccurate and stereotyped view of their insides.

ANTHONY QUINTON

# What did Mr. Gladstone eat in 1884?

WHAT Mr. Gladstone ate in 1884 was what he said in 1883. A Politician is always eating last year's words—and last year's words are as unpalatable as the day-before-yesterday's bread.

The moral is this: don't put up with staleness in words *or* bread. Eat your bread good and fresh. How good is bread? Very good, say the scientists. Bread is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of the energy we—and our children—burn up in an average day.[1] It provides us with proteins, and essential vitamins and minerals too.[2]

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson, in a Special Report,[1] refer to "the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man". Meaning bread, of course. And a panel of scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen say: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

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1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O.*
2. *All flour must contain—per 100 grams of flour: Iron—not less than 1.25 milligrams. Vitamin $B_1$—not less than 0.24 milligrams. Nicotinic acid—not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
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# Noah Drunk and Noah Sober

**The Limits of Literary Criticism.** By HELEN GARDNER. *Oxford.* 5*s.*

**The Lion and the Honeycomb.** By R. P. BLACKMUR. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

Miss Gardner's short book (three Riddell Memorial Lectures, delivered at Durham) has real distinction and importance. She is no zealot for ambiguity, but her title and argument run in two worlds, that of scripture and that of literature: some readers of her opening pages may need to be reminded that "literary criticism" here means criticism specifically of the Bible. The starting point of the argument is that in both of these worlds there has been a similar shift of interest. Critics of literature have turned from the one great action which Arnold desiderated, to seven types of ambiguity. In Biblical studies, the movement has been from Jowett (or indeed Arnold here too), seeking the plain historical reality, to the modern interest in mystical senses, pre-figuration and typology. From Dean Farrar, one might put it, to Austin Farrer and the poetry of St. Mark.

Miss Gardner points out that modern criticism grew up because there was something genuinely obtuse or peripheral in what went before; and she gives it a fair run in Biblical matters, and a fairish one in literary, for its money. Her first lecture is admirable on the mystical sense of the drunkenness of Noah (in Genesis ix) as used in later medieval art and sculpture. But in the end, as one might put it, she appeals from Noah drunk to Noah sober. The modern critical habit of concentrating on the essentially "poetic" mode of communication "seems now to have come to the point where its deficiencies are becoming more obvious than its merits."

For two main reasons. The first is a very shrewd hit. We have got our own age wrong. "Modern" man by no means finds it hard (as the legend now runs) to see mystical senses or symbolic patterns. These now seem particularly "expressive and congenial," in religion and literature too. They are becoming a routine for us, levelling out "the rich variety of the past" to the monotonous gimmicks of the present, and leaving the reader or believer with "the interpreter's insistent company" alone. True. And when Miss Gardner argues for the importance, or rather the real eloquence, of the literal sense and the direct meaning for Donne and for his time, I see a true marriage of the scholarly and the critical mind.

Secondly, something bigger. As a preliminary *caveat*, I must say that one or two things in this work are disturbing. The remarks on "style" (Miss Gardner's one chance to accommodate our newer and richer sense of poetic language) are cursory; and the claim, following Miss Lascelles, that the right approach to Shakespeare is the study of characters in their inter-relations may point a finger at truth—but we cannot be too much on our guard against nudging criticism a step back while we think we lead it forward. Yet these are incidentals. What makes one see the book as outstanding is its insistence on the central place of what is direct and human and real. In scripture, this means the historical actuality of the life and death of Jesus. In literature, it means the work's essential humanity, the true plain hearts that rest in the theme-and-image faces. Nothing could be more salutary. Far too much recent criticism has taken it for granted that the profound or lofty or ingenious significance, if by any means it could be detected in the text, would, of course, be far more interesting and significant than anything else anyone might be able to find there. We know the results. Miss Gardner neatly epitomises them: "the unhappy effect of much recent literary criticism... is that although undertaken with great seriousness and much intellectual energy, it leaves the impression of intellectual *frivolity*." This is timely; and, one hopes, will be influential. T. S. Eliot's beautifully serene essay on *The Frontiers of Criticism* (printed in the autumn *Sewanee Review*) points the same way. Over the last generation, much brilliant and seminal criticism has seemed to lack a gyroscope, something to tip it regularly back from (if we use Arnold's terms) haphazardness and eccentricity to stringency and sanity.

To read Professor Blackmur's collection of reprinted essays is exciting and also chastening: no English critic now active writes on humanism or the imagination or the new illiteracy with his breadth and authority, and above all with his vigorous and genial yet compassionate concern. Here is a critic for whom the crucial fact about the present is not that the past drags on in it, but that it is tipping us into the future. Admittedly, there is an element of verbal harlequinade in what he writes which will bewilder some readers. That shows in the essay (date 1950) which gives the book its title, and deals with Miss Gardner's problem. Having not simply new criticism (English version) in mind, but *New Criticism*, Professor Blackmur equips himself with a formidable New World know-how. His argument is that a critic's terminology, his "rhetoric"—texture in Professor Ransom, irony and paradox in Professor Brooks, ambiguity and pastoral in Professor Empson—rigidifies in the course of time, and that what we then observe is "the normal pathology of a skill become a method and a method become a methodology." This is a memorable phrase. Whether as corrective we really need the writer's own intimidating fly-past (three long words from Coleridge, and six more, with five in reserve, from Aristotle) is questionable. The rigidification one envisages for *that* rhetoric is past belief. But he is right to argue that "nobody ought to throw a skill away, but nobody seeing the excesses and degeneration of a skill ought to depend so much on it as when it was new and had élan"; and also right to claim (like Miss Gardner) that recent criticism of poetry has often been "all on... what the words do to the material and very nearly nothing on what the material does to the words."

JOHN HOLLOWAY

# Shorter Reviews

**Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne.** Edited by SYLVIA DE MORSIER. *Museum.* 21*s.*

This book is intended for the semi-literate public which laps up reader's digests, and is based on the assumption that nobody can read French and nobody wants to read much. Adèle, Comtesse de Boigne (1780-1866), was a sharp, observant French aristocrat, who had lived through stirring times as a young woman and put down her memories on paper in old age for the benefit of her nephew and posterity. (Her memoirs, originally published 50 years ago in French, fill four volumes, and a full English translation in four volumes is also available on the library shelves.) She has some excellent anecdotes to tell about Pozzo di Borgo, Chateaubriand, Mme Récamier, Mme de Stäel, Benjamin Constant and Lady Hamilton performing her "attitudes," and wherever they can be checked her memories have proved trustworthy. But her most amusing recollections deal with the idiotic behaviour of the Bourbon royal family during the Restoration period, when she dutifully attended their Court.

Mme de Boigne's own character can be judged from her marriage. At the age of 17 she married a man of 49, of the humblest origin, who happened to have amassed a fortune as a mercenary soldier fighting for the Mahrattas in India. Her family was short of money at the time, so she sold herself for 3,000 *louis* a year, and proceeded to bilk her husband as soon as she could. M. de Boigne (he was only ennobled later) was too enfeebled by opium to obtain his money's worth and soon let her return to her beloved father. In retrospect she regarded this mercenary behaviour of hers as heroic; and her one regret seems to have been that she had not been sufficiently worldly wise to exploit the elderly soldier's infatuation to the full extent of his purse. R. P.

**Eleven Lourdes Miracles.** By D. J. WEST. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

A religious shrine which after a century of violent controversy still attracts three million pilgrims and twenty thousand sick every year, is sufficiently remarkable to deserve the attention of the numerous public now interested in faith-healing, more especially as the Catholic Church is unique in having established an elaborate series of tribunals for testing claims to miraculous cures. "The files at the Lourdes Medical Bureau," Dr. West reports, "contain an accumulation of medical data on faith cures which has no parallel elsewhere." A grant from the Parapsychology Foundation of New York enabled him to undertake an investigation into the Lourdes cures, and he selected for intensive study eleven cases which have in recent years been officially pronounced "miraculous." Dr. West has had considerable experience in similar inquiries and he has now produced a very able, fair and dispassionate report, expressed in language intelligible to the general reader. "Scant evidence of any absolutely inexplicable recovery" was found in any of the cases, and serious flaws in the Bureau's methods of investigation leapt to the inquirer's eye. He does, however, suggest that there is enough evidence of remarkable, if not miraculous, healing at Lourdes, as the apparent result of "the powerful impact of a pilgrimage," to make it worth while for the Lourdes Bureau to redouble their efforts. This short book, which is much wider in scope than the title would indicate, is one of the best critical studies of its kind which has appeared in English. L. F.

**Passive Resistance in South Africa.** By LEO KUPER. *Cape.* 21*s.*

"Apartheid" is a word we all use glibly nowadays. What does it really mean? As Professor of Sociology at Natal University, Leo Kuper saw the Passive Resistance movement at work and was deeply stirred by its message of racial co-operation in protest against racial intolerance. It inspired him to write, not vivid reportage of passive suffering, but a painstaking analysis of the theology of apartheid and its constitutional developments. Despite a dragging professional style, this book is more telling than mere reportage.

"The ideological problem in South Africa is what to do with democracy", says Professor Kuper. Apartheid is a device for making democracy safe for white supremacy and as such an attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable. Something must give, and so far democracy is losing all along the line. In seven years the Nationalist Government has closed all the doors of escape from racial domination by legal means and it has completed the circle by defining any unlawful acts designed to secure social change as Communism, the blackest crime of all. How, then, does the non-European escape from this constitutional prison camp? Maybe, says Kuper, by the very Communism which the Government's false definitions is stimulating. Maybe by the growth of African racial intolerance as great as the Afrikaaner's. Though temperamentally drawn to the passive resistance movement whose story he records, he cherishes no certainty of its effectiveness. "It is a crucial issue in Africa whether Mau Mau or other forms of violence pay better." In its undramatic way this is a frightening book and it is time that we were frightened.

B. A. C.

**Thinking by Machine.** By PIERRE DE LATIL. Translated by Y. M. GOLLA. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 45*s.*

The discovery, established mainly in the last ten years, of common ground in the fields of logic and mathematics, engineering, physiology, psychology and other disciplines, might easily be expected to interest intelligent persons who are not specialists in any of these subjects. The christening of this common ground with a new word, "cybernetics," and dark hints that its study involves the understanding of difficult concepts and abstruse mathematics, must have discouraged all but the most persistent. It is true that the advancement of the science of cybernetics, and in many cases the application of its techniques, requires intellectual and technical ability of the highest order. Yet, unlike many recent advances in science, as for instance those of modern physics, the basic concepts, of "feed-back" or self-regulation and of digital data processing, are simple, and their implications in the broad are easy to understand. The exciting conclusion to which these concepts lead, by a chain of plausible arguments as yet thinly supported by experimental evidence, is no less than the explanation of living behaviour in mechanistic terms, realisable by man-made machines.

No better subject for a popular exposition could be found, and this is what *Thinking by Machine* sets out to be. The theme is sound and is worked up logically through the book, though it would be improved by the omission of the picturesque and


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sentimental aspects of references to personalities, and of a continual attempt to impress upon readers the extent of the Gallic contribution to development of the subject. The detailed exposition is unfortunately confused and confusing. The unnecessary invention by the author of a new terminology and graphical symbolism, in place of well-established conventions, is combined with a careless use of language which cannot be wholly ascribed to what appears to be a poor translation. The technically minded reader will be irritated by the descriptions of machines—as, for instance, in the discussion of ignition control of a car engine, especially when this is followed by the suggestion that the engine designers would be better if they applied the author's methods. The scientific reader will be appalled, or amused, by such phrases as "the intensity and the voltage of a current." This book is not for the lay reader seriously seeking enlightenment on a hitherto esoteric subject; it is more suitable for those with previous knowledge who are prepared not to take its detail too seriously.

R. H. T.

# Week-end Competition

## No. 1,414

**Set by Carabosse**

Competitors are invited to suggest a legend (in 12 lines of verse or 100 words of prose) to account for any one of these place-names: Bakewell (Derby); Catsfield (Sussex); Hints (Staffs); Nether Wallop (Hants); Nursling (Hants); Undy (Monmouth); Upper Swell (Glos.). Entries by April 16.

## Result of No. 1,411

**Set by Matthew**

Competitors are invited to suggest some new, but highly improbable, tax and to submit not more than 120 words (or 12 lines of verse) from the Chancellor's Budget Speech justifying the innovation.

**Report**

Was there a budget leak? Clearly, most competitors knew about J. A. Lindon's plans

> Now, gentlemen, next—and you mustn't be vexed—
> is a tax that will somewhat dismay you:
> It's a Tax upon Prose, which as everyone knows, is
> the product for which we all pay you . . .

—and they wrote verse. Those who did risk a prose assessment were too stilted to gain a winner's rebate; and they should be taxed especially for failure to point their fantasies with stiff, yet witty, officialese. The versifiers fluttered away from economics and statistics, and the daily worry of pounds and pence, up Gloria Prince's "delicious spiral to cloud-cuckoo-land," where her Chancellor would

> . . . tax a tax
> Then tax the tax on tax, then put a tax
> Upon the tax upon the tax on tax . . .

And they taxed everything—feet:

> A schoolboy keeping centipedes will make his father sick;
> While if at home you've any chairs or tables, sell 'em quick!
> But otherwise we'll all escape this levy that I'm mooting,
> For who can say our Government's on any sort of footing.
> (R. A. McKenzie)

—bald heads and beards, aspirins and mescalin, virtue and truth, ghosts and tiaras, soap and fresh air, and, of course, the female bosom. But a bright idea, alone, was not enough; I imagine that, should Mr. Thorneycroft go Through the Looking Glass next Tuesday, he would foresee all the administrative details that our competitors' Chancellors neglected. Two guineas each to Leslie Johnson and P. M.; a guinea each to D. R. Peddy and J. P. Mullarky. Runners-up: R. A. McKenzie, Colin Prestige, J. Garvin, Katharine Dowling, H. A. C. Evans, John Thornton, John A. Yates and Little Billee.

NAME TAX

This tax, incurred on registration of birth, which is, of course, already compulsory, will thus be easy to collect and difficult to avoid. It will be steeply graduated according to the number of letters in the given names. No parent can legitimately complain of a tax that it is within his power to reduce to a minimum. On the other hand, few parents will care to face the charge of meanness levelled by an indignant child on eventually discovering that he (or she) has been frugally named Al (or Em), while Fitzmarmaduke Montmorency Cholmondeley next door is giving himself the airs of a juvenile Croesus. In this democratic age aristocratic nomenclature, pseudo or genuine, should be paid for. LESLIE JOHNSON

TAX ON BIRD-WATCHING

> This tax no burden, sirs, intends on those who follow fashion trends,
> Or "watch the birdie" in a lens, or earn a living keeping hens;
> It aims at drawing dividends from all who for vain-glorious ends
> Stalk Nature's feathered denizens, and show *delirium tremens*
> In note and lecture—bore their friends with tales of chiff-chaffs in the Fens,
> Or ospreys seen on Scottish Bens, or fly-catchers in sewage dens.
> To cure such anti-social yens the tax is framed. Our fields and glens
> From snooping *snipe* I plan to cleanse—from *brambling, dotterel, wry-neck WRENS*—
> From *Buzzard Godwits!* . . . (Loud "Amens").

P. M.

> There's not, so far as I'm aware,
> Anything left to tax but Air.
> A tax on breath could scarcely fail;
> We can all pay as we inhale.
> And let the impost's basis be
> Pulmonary capacity.
> Accordingly I would suggest
> A tax on Inches Round the Chest.
> The dress designers then might dare
> To move the emphasis elsewhere;
> Busts—and indeed the entire Nation
> Might benefit from some Deflation.

J. P. MULLARKY

> Now here is a levy to punish and pain
> The base Tory type who sees fit to abstain,
> And so runs the risk of election defeats
> Alike in cast-iron and marginal seats.
> If we must define such a renegade Tory,
> It's one who's right-wing, though he's not Suez-war-y;
> Who *should* vote for us, but who sits on the fence
> And thinks of high costs, and of Rates, and of Rents.
> When he's caught and convicted, a penny he'll pay
> For each vote we lost on his last polling day,
> And in a short while, we would hazard a guess,
> This strayed Tory sheep will Invest in Success!

D. R. PEDDY

# City Lights

**Experto Crede?**

Share prices are itching to be on the move again. Mr. Carron has allowed them another little rush forward to their best level for nearly 12 months. The Budget is too close now for investors to take unnecessary risks, but they will be disappointed if Mr. Thorneycroft fails to turn up with some middle-class wage-increases.

The Treasury, if it has a view at all, seems to be leaving the Chancellor free to do what he pleases, provided that he keeps up the squeeze. There is a suspicion of dumb insolence about the *Economic Survey*. It devotes less than one page of its 47 to the present situation, and even in this page remains studiously unaware of what has happened in the past month or two—the re-opening of the Canal, the revival in personal spending, and the pressure for wage increases. But one point stands out clearly from the fog of general statements. The Treasury still gives priority to the achievement of a sizeable balance

of payments surplus, and is reluctant to countenance any increase in investment or improvement in living standards until the balance has been placed "on a really secure footing." Industry can be allowed to produce more, in fact, only if the extra production can be sold abroad. If two years of stagnation have failed to do the trick, we must stagnate for three—and since consumption is tending to rise, investment to fall even further than it fell last year, stagnation in 1957 could have serious after-effects.

* * *

There is a fair chance, fortunately, that the Chancellor will refuse to swallow this Treasury attempt to correct the damage done by its past dogmas with others equally damaging. He can hardly fail to be impressed by the failure of his officials to find out why exports have failed to rise as they should have risen and suggest ways of putting the matter right. The Treasury recently persuaded the statisticians of the Board of Trade to produce an elaborate analysis of export trends, comparing British performance in different markets over the past few years with that of its chief competitors. One negative point emerged from this elaborate piece of research—that our dependence on the relatively slow-growing markets of the sterling area and our lingering affection for textiles accounts for only about one-quarter of the ground we have lost. But the Treasury has no view on what accounted for the rest. It has sent copies of the Board of Trade's analysis round to various people who might know to ask them for an opinion.

* * *

Mr. Chetwynd Talbot showed, in his first speech to the shareholders of South Durham Steel and Iron, that he held refreshingly strong views about the present structure of the industry. He has now announced that the company is to spend £43m. over the next five years on new plant which will more than double its capacity for producing steel plate. The recent price increase for plate may have helped him to make this decision, but it will certainly not be enough to pay for it. South Durham intends to borrow, and it does not mean the cost of its expansion plans to affect its policy of increasing its rate of dividend. As a result, it will probably have no difficulty in persuading investors to put up the money and embarrassing the steel chairmen who, claiming that borrowing is too difficult or too expensive, want steel prices pushed up to the point where expansion can be paid for out of current profits.

But the question of steel prices may soon be in the melting pot. The Minister of Power may mislead *The Times* about the cost of his power programme, but he knows what he thinks about price control. Its removal, however, even if it were practicable, might be of little help to the market in steel shares, since it would make re-nationalisation all the more likely.

* * *

Mr. Bentley, ex-general manager of the Halifax, has got himself elected to the board in spite of the board's unanimous and vigorous opposition. The president, who has strong views on most subjects, must have strong views on this, but any comment he may have made has not been printed. Instead, his annual statement puts an increasing question to the government. Since fluctuations in the price of government securities may entail an embarrassing loss for those who are forced to sell them before maturity, "would not public confidence be enhanced if the rates of interest on at least some quoted government securities were adjusted with major changes in bank rate, thus avoiding serious variation in their value?" Such an innovation would entail fascinating changes in the working of the monetary machine. There is also the possibility, of course, that, if the government set up deposit banking facilities to help building societies over their investment problems, the people who normally lend to building societies might find their investment problems solved as well.

TAURUS

# The Chess Board

### No. 386. Praeceptor Czechoslovakiae

When Dr. Tarrasch was in his dotage he used to be particularly proud of being called "Praeceptor Germaniae" by his faithful disciples. A similar honour would have been appropriate for Oldrich Duras, and in much younger years, too. He was 74 when he died in his native Prague a few weeks ago, and for well over three decades of his voluntary retirement from competitive chess he had been content to disseminate his great knowledge of the game for the benefit of the rising generation of brilliant young Czech masters and grandmasters. In his own youth he ranked, undoubtedly, among the half-dozen greatest players of the time. At Vienna, 1908, he shared first honours with Maroczy and Schlechter; at Prague, 1908, with Schlechter; at Breslau, 1912, with Rubinstein; and it was certainly no smaller achievement to come third after Lasker and Rubinstein in the very strong Petersburg tournament of 1909. Moreover, apart from Reti, he was the only grandmaster to show equal eminence as a problemist and study-composer. As a player he could be incredibly tough in defence; yet, when meeting as indomitable a fighter and as brilliant a tactician as Spielmann he would be similarly inspired, and the sparks would fly:

(1) P-K4, P-Q4; (2) PxP, QxP; (3) Kt-QB3, Q-QR4; (4) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-B3, B-Kt5; (6) B-K2, Kt-B3; (7) B-K3, O-O-O; (8) Kt-Q2, BxB; (9) QxB, Q-KB4 (KtxP?); (10) Kt-Kt3, P-K3; (11) P-QR3, B-Q3; (12) O-O-O, Kt-Q4; (13) Kt-R4, P-K4; (14) PxP, BxP; (15) Kt-B5, Kt-Kt3; (16) P-QR4, P-QR4; (17) P-Kt4!, Q-B3; (18) P-QB3, KR-K1!; (19) KxP!, RxR ch; (20) RxR, BxBP!; (21) Kt(7)-B5, Kt-Kt5!; (22) P-Kt5!, Q-K4; (23) KtxRP!, P-R4; (24) PxB, QxBP ch; (25) K-Kt1, QxKt; (26) R-Q8 ch!!, and Spielmann resigned.

Here—Duras-Süchting, Prague, 1908—is another one of the Czech master's many remarkable achievements:

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, Kt-B3; (4) P-Q3, P-Q3; (5) P-KR3, P-KKt3; (6) B-K3, B-Kt2; (7) Q-Q2, O-O; (8) B-KR6, Kt-KR4; (9) Kt-B3, Kt-K2; (10) P-Q4!, P-QB3; (11) B-K2, Q-B2; (12) P-KKt4, Kt-B3; (13) PxP, PxP; (14) Q-Kt5!, BxB; (15) QxB, Q-Q3; (16) B-Q3, P-QKt4; (17) O-O-O, Q-B4; (18) QR-Kt1!, B-K3; (19) P-KR4!, BxKtP (KtxKtP?); (20) Kt-Kt5, K-R1; (21) KtxRP!, Kt(2)-Kt1!; (22) Q-Kt5, KxKt; (23) P-R5!, BxP; (24) B-K2, KR-Q1; (25) BxB, KtxB; (26) RxKt ch, K-Kt2; (27) Q-R4! Kt-B3? (Q-Q3!); (28) R-B5, Q-Q3; (29) P-B4!, PxP; (30) P-K5, Q-Q7 ch; (31) K-Kt1, Kt-Q4; (32) RxBP ch!, KxR; (33) Q-R7 ch, K-Kt; (34) P-K6, KtxKt ch; (35) PxKt, R-Q5; (36) Q-KB7 ch (PxR?), K-Q1. (37) P-K7 ch resigns.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Black forced the win very neatly. **B** and **C** are both draws and not too difficult, I hope, for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively. They were both prize-winners at international competitions.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 15.

**A:** Oldrich Duras 1936

**B:** O. Duras 1923

**C:** O. Duras 1923

REPORT on No. 383. Set March 16

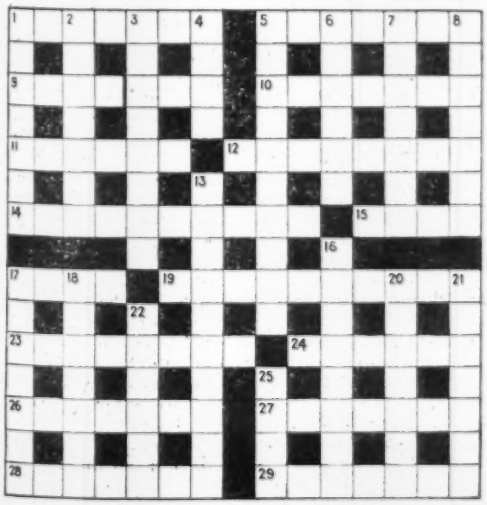
A: (1) B-B8! and mate next move.
B: (1) B-Kt2, R-B1, (2) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1, (3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (4) K-R2! If (1) . . . R-KR3, (2) R-Kt3 ch, K-R2, (3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (4) K-Kt1! (1) . . . R-KB2 or KKt3 leads to mate.
C: (1) B-B2, B-K3! (2) R-Kt6, B-Q4 (best), (3) R-Kt5, B-B5! (4) R-Kt4, B-Kt6, (5) R-Kt3, B-R7, (6) R-KB3, B-K2, (7) R-K3, B-Q3, (8) R-Q3, B-K2 (best), (9) R-Q7, followed by R-QR7ch, etc. If (5) . . . B-B5, (6) R-QB3, B-QR3, (7) R-B6, B-QKt2 (8) R-K6! followed by R-K8, etc.

Not too easy a batch, but a good many correct (or near-correct) solutions. Prizes: W. H. L. Brooking S. N. Gollings, J. H. Frankland, W. T. Maccall, J. Mitchell, G. Roblin.

ASSIAC

## Week-end Crossword No. 245

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 245, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Apr. 16.*



ACROSS

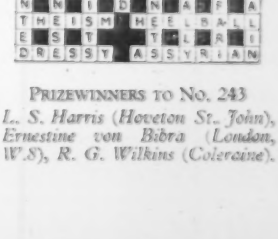
1. Money that is for a club (7).
5. Potentially bad sign for the belly (7).
9. Point of departure for the furious writer in action (4, 3).
10. A saint is what shows instrumentality in evil (7).
11. The girl to set a trap after a man (6).
12. The reverse of an established passion about upper class curves (8).
14. Part of the country which is in real chaos about money (10).
15. Market for the beautiful (4).
17. It is used in watering a flower (4).
19. The vehicle is in contact with scroll-like ornaments (10).
23. The prince returns a vessel and a piece of meat (8).
24. The courage of one near the end of return journeys (6).
26. Kind of writing quoted back about the doctor (7).
27. Not so fine for a prince (7).
28. Confronted by a crazy fellow we are easily frightened (7).
29. Blows for rowing men (7).

DOWN

1. Torment a historian with the end of wickedness (7).
2. Vitamin in the Opposition (7).
3. The playwright has a girl with bottom up (8).
4. Current which is used in advanced dynamics (4).
5. Swear the fool always had a meal (10).
6. Provides exercises and is boring (6).
7. Without the cap the adept would become a mother (7).
8. No nurse is required for one who is not a consumer (7).
13. Dealers of poor cards (10).
16. One who provides mixed pupils with a hesitant sound (8).
17. Hurried along with a crazy interruption in fast time (7).
18. Planner who has a border in the centre (7).
20. Poet with a feminine strain (7).
21. South Africa wearies of criticisms of folly (7).
22. Cave in as a result of talking rot to each other (6).
25. "On the earth the broken —; in the heaven a perfect round" (Browning) (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 243*



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 243

*L. S. Harris (Hoveton St. John), Ernestine von Bibra (London, W.8), R. G. Wilkins (Coleraine).*

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SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In Biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, crystallography, taxonomic entomology, mammalian osteology, palæobotany, malacology, helminthology, acarology. Scientific Officers are urgently required for the Forensic Science Laboratories; for scientific examination of document and handwriting cases at Cardiff; for Chemists at Preston, Harrogate and in London. There is also a vacancy for a Senior Scientific Officer (Biologist) at Harrogate. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or be otherwise qualified by high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1957 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: Minimum £1,135 (women £1,047). Men's scale maximum £1,345. Scientific Officers: Minimum £605. Men's scale maximum £1,055. Women's pay above £605 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. 5-day week, generally. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/57 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/57 for Scientific Officers. Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

CASEWORKER required, professional qualifications, to assist in department recognised for student training. Psychiatric consultation available. Salary according to A.G. and F.C.W. scale. Also immediate vacancy experienced worker for emergency resettlement work. Applications by April 24. Details and forms from: Secretary, Leeds Council of Social Service, 6 Church Row, Leeds 2.

FAMILY Service Units' pioneer service for problem families, developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers in London and several provincial cities. Exacting but rewarding work, affording unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social science training and previous experience of social work desirable but not essential. Resident and non-resident posts, for men and women. Non-resident scale £425/£25/£650, children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide scope and interesting prospects, at higher salaries, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Sec., F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

### APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1957; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1957. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1957 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer. Minimum £925 (women £853); Men's scale maximum £1,135. Assistant Experimental Officer. Starting pay £365 (at 18) up to £655 (women £632) at 26. Men's scale maximum £805. Women's scales are being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Opportunities for further education. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/57. Interview Boards arranged at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

MINISTRY of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food and Department of Agriculture for Scotland. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for three pensionable posts —one Agricultural Economist and one Assistant Agricultural Economist in London, and an Assistant Agricultural Economist in Edinburgh. Age at least 26 on April 1, 1957, for Agricultural Economist, and at least 21 and under 28 on that date for Assistant Agricultural Economist. Deduction from age for service in H.M. Forces. All candidates must have 1st or 2nd Class Honours degree in agriculture or economics or related subject. Pass degree or post-graduate diploma acceptable in certain circumstances. In addition, for the Agricultural Economist post, candidates must have had at least three years' appropriate post-graduate or other experience of value. Men's salaries (London)—Agricultural Economist £1,135—£1,345; Assistant Agricultural Economist £605—£1,055. (£585 to £1,025 in Edinburgh). Starting pay above minimum in certain cases. Women's pay slightly lower at present but being improved to reach equality with men's by 1961. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4682/57/9. Completed applns. should be returned by April 23, 1957.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large- and small-scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O. 10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1957. They must have a First or Second-Class Honours degree, preferably in Physics or Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification. Salaries (London rates) £605-£1,055. Women's pay above £605 slightly lower, but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,135-£1,345), and higher posts. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/57 (Met.). Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

THE British Hydromechanics Research Association requires an Assistant Information Officer for specialised training in information work in the field of fluid mechanics. The work comprises searching, abstracting and classifying literature and some general information work. Minimum qualification Inter B.Sc. or equivalent, good English; French an advantage but not essential. Salary up to £600 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Successful applicant will be eligible to rent modern flat in New Town of Harlow. Send full details to Director of Research, B.H.R.A., Harlow, Essex.

ITALIAN teacher evenings. St. Giles' School of Languages, 147 Oxford St., W.1.

### APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA, University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Comparative Government and Public Administration. The appointment, which is in the Department of History and Political Science, will be made at Senior Lecturer or Lecturer level according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Professor W. G. K. Duncan is at present in the United Kingdom; potential candidates may communicate with him by letter addressed c/o Bank of New South Wales, 47 Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Salary Scales: Senior Lecturer: £A1,800-70-2150 p.a. Lecturer: £A1,200-80(70)-1,750 p.a. Superannuation: On the F.S.S.U. basis. General terms of appointment, including particulars of the information to be included in applications, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1., or from the undersigned.* Applications should be lodged in duplicate with the undersigned* not later than April 30, 1957. *V. A. Edgeloe, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Junior Lecturer in Sociology. The salary scales: Lecturer £800×£50—£1,050 p.a.; Junior Lecturer £550×£50—£750 p.a. In the case of married persons only a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present £234 p.a., is payable in addition. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in South Africa and London, is April 30, 1957.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in the Department of Philosophy. Applicants should have an Honours Degree in Philosophy. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £985 per annum rising by annual increments to £1,235 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. The appointment will date from February 1, 1958, or as soon as thereafter as the appointee can commence duty. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics., in New Zealand & London, is April 20, 1957.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Senior Child Care Officer, Apt. III £656—£784. Applications are invited from Social Workers with recognised qualifications for the above post which deals mainly with the investigation and reception of children into the care of the Local Authority. Experience in family case work essential. Superannuable appointment, medical examination. Applications stating age, education, qualifications, experience, present and past appointments (with dates and salaries), copies of testimonials, and the names and addresses of two referees should be sent by April 20, 1957, to: John Hevs, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Cttee. Senior Educational Psychologist (full-time) reqd. in Child Guidance Centre at Ealing, 42 Madeley Rd., Ealing, W.5. Present post is the senior post in Ealing, & psychologist appointed will have an office in the Borough Education Office. The Borough Educational Psychologist acts as adviser to the Borough Education Officer in regard to arrangements for the secondary transfer examination. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent. Recognised clinical training, teaching experce. & prev. experce. as an Educational Psychologist desirable. Salary, Soulbury II, £1,150-£1,400 (male), £1,057-£1,266 (female), plus equal pay adjustment. Appointment may be made at intermediate points on scale having regard to prev. experce. in similarly graded posts with other Local Education Authorities. Permanent, prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. f'cap env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by April 30. (Quote U.812 NSN.) Canvassing disqualifies.

THE National Council of Social Service invites applications for the following posts in London: 1. Assistant Secretary to the London Council of Social Service to undertake administrative duties. Degree or Social Science qualification an advantage; some administrative experience in voluntary social service and experience of public speaking desirable. Starting salary £700. 2. Information Officer to undertake responsibility for service for Citizens' Advice Bureaux and general Information Service of London Council of Social Service. Wide knowledge of statutory and voluntary work in London essential; degree or Social Science qualification an advantage. Starting salary £550. 3. Assistant Organiser to develop informal Home Advice Groups for women. Domestic Science qualifications and experience in group work essential. Salary £600. All these posts have four weeks' holiday and superannuation. Application form from the London Council of Social Service, 7 Bayley Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, to be returned not later than Friday, April 26, 1957.

### APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AIR Ministry. Translator in German and Czech. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a post in London. Appointment will be temporary in the first instance, but there are prospects of establishment. Age at least 21 on March 1, 1957. Candidates must normally have at least a 2nd class honours degree in German, and must have a thorough practical knowledge of German and a working knowledge of Czech. Candidates without a degree may be admitted if they have a thorough knowledge of both languages acquired through residence in the countries. Starting salary, (men) from £485 (at 21) to £625 (at 25 or over). Maximum £1,000. Women's pay lower at present, but being improved each year until equality with men's scale is reached by 1961. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4683/57/7. Completed application forms should be returned by April 30, 1957.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer in Education in the Department of Education to begin duties in September, 1957. Candidates should have a good Honours Degree in Classics, or in Latin and English. Teaching experience is essential. Salary scale, £650×50-£1,350, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (6 copies) should be sent by April 20, 1957.

CORPORATION of the City of Aberdeen. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Child Care Officer. The Salary scale for the post is £595 rising by annual increments of £15 to £640 per annum. Applicants should be 28 years of age; for applicants of 25 years of age the salary scale is £565 rising by annual increments of £15 to £640 per annum. Candidates should possess the Diploma in Social Science or hold an equivalent qualification. The appointment is superannuable and subject to the passing of a medical examination. Application, giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with a copy of two recent testimonials and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged with the Children's Officer, 150 Bon-Accord Street, Aberdeen, before April 20, 1957. J. C. Rennie, Town Clerk, Town House, Aberdeen.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Homes Supervisor. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons, men or women, for the appointment of Homes Supervisor. The successful candidate will be required to assist the Children's Officer in all matters connected with the Committee's Homes and Nurseries. Qualifications and experience in Child Care are essential. Good accommodation available. Salary: £600×£25—£725 per annum. This is a pensionable post subject to a medical examination. Forms of application and further particulars can be obtained from The Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date April 12, 1957.

APPLICATIONS are invited for post as Assistant Social Worker able to assist generally in Council of Social Service work. The post gives opportunities for general Social Work including Old People's Welfare, and scope for initiative. Social Science Certificate or similar qualifications desirable. Salary according to age and experience, applications, together with copies of not less than two testimonials, to Sec., Walsall Civic Guild of Help & Citizens' Advice Bureau, Hatherton House, Hatherton Street, Walsall.

COLDEAST and Tatchbury Mount Hospital Management Committee. Bereweeke House, Winchester. Warden, female, resident, required at this hostel for 23 female mentally defective patients, normally on daily licence. Previous similar experience would be an advantage. Salary £529×£16 (3)× £18(1)—£595 p.a., less £174 p.a. for board and residence. Written applications, with full details and names of two referees, to Group Secretary, Loperwood Manor, Totton, Southampton.

ST. MARGARET'S Hospital, Great Barr Park, Birmingham, 22a. (Mental Deficiency Hospital), 1,491 beds. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker (qualified or unqualified) at the above hospital. Salary and terms and conditions of service as laid down by the Whitley Council. Applications stating age, experience, qualifications and names and addresses of three refs. to Medical Superintendent immediately.

TUTOR-Organiser: The Workers' Educational Association, West of Scotland District, invites applications from University graduates for a post of tutor-organiser in general social science subjects. Scale £550/£900. Placing according to qualifications and experience. Full details and application forms from: G. Arnot, W.E.A., 177 Hill Street, Glasgow, C.3.

SECRETARY/Warden with ideas, understanding and experience for pre-war Community Association. Centre in growing S. B'ham area. Salary £600/700. Small flat available. Forms from B.C.C.A., 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

MADRID—The Mangold Institute, Spain's leading language centre, reqs. for October 1957, Teachers of English with knowl. of Spanish. Apply: Apartado 839, Madrid.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Posts of Responsibility. Garratt Green School, Trinity Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.18, and Tranmere Road, Earlsfield, S.W.18 (new secondary school for 2,000 girls opening September in existing Honeywell and Earlsfield Secondary School buildings. Roll expected to be 1,000 September, 1957, rising to 1,400 September, 1958, eventual increase to 2,000. In 1959 school will move to new building at Burntwood Lane.) Deputy Headmistress required September, 1957 (Burnham (London) scale salary, with allowance of £500 a year). School will recruit from whole range of ability and will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for special courses in catering, nursing, commerce and biology and for general courses in study. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in whole field of secondary education. Forms EO/TS10(SR) from and returnable to Divisional Officer, St. John's Hill, S.W.11, within two weeks (s.a.e. f'scap.). Parliament Hill School, Highgate Road, N.W.5 (new secondary school for 1,350 girls, formed by enlargement of grammar school; well established sixth forms, courses leading to G.C.E. "O," "A" and "S" levels.) Deputy headmistress required September. Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance of £475 a year. Graduate, experienced in grammar school; modern and technical experience valuable. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability, and should be interested in whole field of secondary education. Forms EO/TS10(SR) from Divisional Officer, 71 Gloucester Place, W.1 (s.a.e. f'scap), returnable to head at school within two weeks.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Withernsea High School. Assistant master or mistress for Drama and English required (Scale I graded post). Withernsea High School is a bilateral (grammar/modern) school of approximately 750 boys and girls housed in new buildings with excellent facilities for drama. Forms of application may be obtained from the Head Master, The High School, Withernsea, East Yorkshire, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. The Headmaster invites applications for the following appointments from September. There is scope for the initiative of forward-looking teachers willing and able to give themselves wholeheartedly to the life of the school. Burnham Scale, Government Superannuation. (1) (Owing to appointment to a Headship). Senior Classics Master. Mainly Latin, to Scholarship standard. (2) Domestic Science Mistress, Cookery and Needlework. Small classes. Further particulars on application. (3) Master for General Subjects in the lower Senior School (11 plus), especially the B. stream. Previous applicants will be considered without re-application.

ENGLISH teacher for foreign students reqd., part or full time. Write only, St. Giles School of Langs., 147 Oxford St., W.1.

ADMIN. Assistant required by Anglo-Jewish Association. Important political, cultural and educ. work. Opportunity to gain wide experience and training. Suit young man or retired administrator. Apply giving fullest details to the Secretary, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1.

ST. HILDA'S East, Bethnal Green. The following appointments will be coming vacant shortly: 1, Club Leader (woman) to run junior clubs and assist existing man Leader with Youth Club. 2, General Social Worker as assistant to Warden. Both posts are resident, for further details apply to the Warden, 3 Old Nichol St., E.2.

A CAREER in Market Research. A few attractive vacancies in our Market Research Department are open to single young women under 30 years of age. In this interesting and active out-door work our Interviewers meet and talk with people of all kinds in connection with our Market Research surveys. The work can involve considerable travel throughout Great Britain and when away from home good hotel accommodation is arranged. This is not a selling job. Applicants for these positions should be prepared to be based upon London, Newcastle, Manchester and Oxford. Apart from a good standard of education, our Interviewers must possess a pleasing personality and appearance, the ability to drive and a preference for the healthy and active out-door life. The Company provides a minimum gross remuneration of £500 per annum and, naturally, in addition pays expenses when away on Company business. Applicants should write giving full details to the Personnel Officer, Petfoods Limited, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

ADDITIONAL Organising Secretary/Fund Raiser required by The Friends of Magen David Adom in Great Britain. Applicants, of either sex, holding first-class testimonials with the requisite experience should apply in writing to the Organisation at 1/2 Hanover Street, W.1.

BOOK-KEEPER Bursar (Female), aged 30-40. Experienced Book-keeper, educated at least Matriculation standard. Organising ability and initiative. For Boarding School for Boys in Brighton. Progressive post—good salary to suitable candidate. Six weeks paid holidays a year. Apply, giving full particulars, including three copies of references. Box 1451.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TRAVEL Agency requires representative for duties abroad, May 9 till beginning October. Male, 24-40, able to speak French. Write fully, Box 1711.

ASSISTANT Secretary Shorthand Typist to Senior Principal in busy Solicitor's Office, Lincoln's Inn Area, with good prospect of advancement. Good education, preferably with previous legal experience but not essential. Good standard of typing and Shorthand. Hours 9 to 5.30. Telephone CHAncery 3300 Ext. 11 for appointment.

JEWISH refugee welfare organisation looking for clerk/s'hand typist. Box 1529.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist required by small social work research agency. Interesting work for the right person. Previous experience of office work essential. Apply in writing Box 1690 or by telephone until April 10, Shoreditch 9449.

AN interesting career is offered to an enthusiastic, efficient woman as Private Secretary to the Editor of Graphis. Working knowledge of German and/or French, experience of journalism, art magazines, publishing or advertising would be advantages when coupled with willingness to undertake both ordinary secretarial duties and those involving individual responsibility. Immediate vacancy to work with present secretary for a limited period. Please apply with references, complete curriculum vitae, personal photograph, stating when available to Graphis, 45 Nuschelerstr., Zurich 1, Switzerland.

IN the political swim. Five-day week, four weeks' holiday, exciting work, friendly colleagues, £6 12s. 6d. p.w. for shorthand/typist. Write/phone the General Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. WHI. 3077 for a job worth doing.

SHORTHAND Secretary/typist required for cultural organisation. Over 23. Top wages. Five-day week, staff canteen. Close Tott. Crt. Rd. Modern office. Box 1448.

SHORTHAND Typists (Pool and Finance Department) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 1630.

EXPERIENCED Secretary wanted by Editor of The Geographical Magazine. Fast, accurate shorthand and typing, intelligence and a taste for precision essential; a feeling for languages useful. Good pay, holidays and working conditions. Apply by letter to Executive Editor, Geographical Magazine, 91 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

PUBLIC Relations and Publicity. London Co-operative Society, Ltd., reqs. two shorthand-typists. A career of variety and opportunity in an interesting department. Start £8 6s. 6d. per week. Apply in writing to Office Manager, L.C.S., Maryland Street, Stratford, E.15.

EDUCATED yng. women (22 up) for interesting secretarial posts in Victoria and City areas. Commencing sal. £9 10s. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1 and 2 Broad Street Place, E.C.2.

WEDDED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, partially housebound, yearning to earn, can collect 32s. per day 10-5, £8 for 30-hour week: more hours, more pay, from Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

IRVING Theatre requires lady for general office work & typing. WHI. 8657.

WORK in Switzerland or Canada! General Domestics required for posts in attractive homes. Excellent conditions and good salaries. (For Swiss posts pref. some know. German.) Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

COOK-Caterer for small seasonal hotel June 1-Sept. 30. Gd. sal. for woman with variety in cooking & hotel exp. Apply Thea Boyd, Amethyst Hotel, Achill, Co. Mayo, Eire.

SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOCIALIST, m. (26), well-educated. Experienced print production, exhibitions, some lay-out and typography seeks new post. Anything considered. Box 1506.

FRENCH girl, good English, seeks interesting job. Experienced selling, secretarial work. Box 1733.

CAMB. Grad., versatile, reqs. post pref. with driving. Anything consid. Box 1618.

YOUNG man, 30, seeks post abroad. Anything considered. Present post, Bookshop manager. Box 1557.

FEMALE, 34, qual. welfare, exp. personnel officer, wishes obtain industrial appointment Greater Lond. area. Box 1656.

INTELL. elderly widow sks. p./t. work, gd. typist. Wd. baby-sit. CUN. 5486.

LADY, mid-forties, pleasant, intelligent, excellent refs., seeks part-time sht.-typ. or clerical post. Box 1502.

CONFERENCE & Cttee. reporters, duplctg. specialists &c. ARC 1765/MOU 1701.

EXPERT shrthnd. & copy-typts. available part-time, day or evening. MAY. 0928.


# Can you take it?

THE next time there is some crisis in world affairs—try buying all the national newspapers you can lay hands on. See how differently each one covers the same story. Some will regard it as less important than a front-page bathing beauty. Others will temper it to the wishes and aims of their proprietor. And others will see the facts only through the dark distorting glasses of party prejudice. Finally, read the Manchester Guardian—and you will at once sense its completely candid approach.

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## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s 6d to 85s, partial board. Applic. forms & information, Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

FULLY-Furn. grnd. flr. Maisonette with garden. 3 bed-sit rms., din. rm., kit. & bath. Suit 5 bus. professional women sharing, £2 5s. each incl. linen, crockery, heat, light & serv. Nr. Wimbledon Park. Box 1696.

FURN. s/c. flat, 2 rms., kit., brm., small gdn., W. Ken. 5 gns. Box 1568.

HAMPSTD. Share lovely s/c. flat nr. Tube offd. by grad. (m.). 70s. Box 1736.

ONE newly dec. well-furn. single bed-sit. rm. c.h., all conv., ckg. facs. Well connected. Phone MAI. 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. Divan r. (dbl.) with kitchenette, gas-cooker, c.h.w. Good class acc. in author's house nr. Finchley Rd. buses. £4 10s. HAM. 7428.

35 Approx. double bed-sitting rooms with own kitchens from £2 10s. weekly, in central London. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

HALF Highgate flat nr. heath offd. 1 (f.). Own rm., share k., b. £3. Box 1729.

PRIMITIVELY furn. rm. Hampstead. Big gdn. For lit.-minded, cat-loving person, cheap if help with cleaning given. Box 1726.

BIG dble. room with private bath, overlkg. garden, offered to professional couple or 2 friends with meals, central heating, etc. Well-appointed small hostel in N. Kensington. PARK. 7379.

IF you want a pleas., spacious rm. (sgle. dble.), pleas. atmosphere, next Green Belt yet only 25 mins. W. End City. Large gdn., linen, light, ckr., &c. Ring HIL. 3751.

WEST Hampstead close to Tube Stn. Sgle. divan-room. Colonial student welcome. MAI. 8982 evenings.

GOLDERS Green, modern flatlet house, very close Underground. Contemporary divan B.S. room, suit 2 prof. people, concealed h. & c. basin, cooker, use of bath & tel. References. HENdon 8479.

ACCOM. with board £3 10s. p.w. Suit students/business people. SPE. 2483.

WELL-furn. sgle. bed-sit. rm., modern, clean, quiet house. HAM. 8698.

TO let, furn. sgle. & dble. rms. with h. & c., ckg. facs. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

YOUNG couple wanted to share large furn. flat Ealing Broadway. PERivale 7269 after 7 p.m.

REDECORATED bed-sit. rm., own kitchenette, suit prof. or business person. 'Phone HAM. 9077 after 7 p.m. and week-ends.

HIGHGATE Wds. Beautiful divan-rms., sgle. 2gns., dble. 55s. TUD. 8207.

DULWICH. Large div. room with contemp. furn. & splendid view. Ckg. fac. & hidden sink. Use tel. & bath. FOR. 1374.

YOUNG lady (Jewish) wanted to share large modern flat with 3 other girls. Frig. Telephone. N.W.3 area. PRI. 7378.

GIRL to share flat; kitchenette, tel., own b/s. H. & c. Finchley Rd. Box 1713.

BOTH Parents working? No-one to care for the children? There is a vacant 3-roomed flat in converted country house, 3 miles Sevenoaks, 35 mins. train London. Child care service. Meals served at reasonable prices in Restaurant. Club. Residents in many professions, varied interests. Also some vacant rooms for single people. Delightful countryside. Long/short term lets. Apply in writing Sec., St. Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

HOLIDAY garden chalet to let nr. Dorking, recommended, 4½gns. wk. Box 1709.

COMFORTABLE caravan alone on Kent farm 25 miles London. Rent, or sell £250. Box 1705.

CORNISH village. Furn. flat, mod. cons. Lovely view Fowey Harbour. Available before June 15, June 29-July 20, Sept. 26 onward. Box 1556.

CARAVAN, 4 berth; Dunlopillo, in country club, Folkestone. Except 1st 3 weeks Aug., 6gns. Webster, BAT. 6333.

EDINBURGH. Fam. hse., gdn., sleep 7, vac. Aug. £30. Help avail. Box 1511.

EXCH. unfurn bachelor flat, 1 rm., bath, w.c., c.h., c.h.w., tel., mod. blk. W.2. £4 p.w. for 2 rms., kt., bath. GER. 4085.

YNG. teacher (f.) sks. board residence or bed-sit. with pleasant family, mod. rent. Gd. trav. facs. N./N.W. area. Box 1694.

TEMP. impecunious, perm. clean artist, wife, high refs, need empty room or workshop livg. quarters N.W.3. (HAM. 0966.)

RELIABLE business girl seeks warm room or share flat. Ckg. fac. Pref. N.W. or N. London. Box 1727.

UNFURNISHED room/s sought by prof. woman, London; often abroad. KNI. 4149.

AUST. & New Zealand visitors req. furn. accom. All districts. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

HARVARD Lecturer and wife want house/flat in London (not suburbs) June-Sept. Consider exchange own house nr. Harvard. Eckstein, 5 Academy, Arlington, Mass., U.S.A.

## ACCOMMODATION—continued

URGENTLY reqd. for Mother, baby & spn. Suitable furn./unfurn. accom. Reas. rent. Some domestic help in exchange. Box 1326.

TWO or three English lady teachers seek furnished accom. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

CELLIST seeks room with space for her small grand piano. Cooking facilities. Modest rent; convenient tube. Use tel. essential. Box 1651.

COTT., share of, wanted for occas. weekends where interest gardening could be indulged. Must be access. London. Box 1730.

## PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

HAMPST. Gdn. Suburb. Fur. house to let from May. Garage. 10gns. SPE. 6744.

EIGHTEEN luxury flats central London districts, weekly rentals from 4gns. to 10gns. Childr. welc. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

APPROX. 25 furnished flats from 55s. weekly in central London and nearby districts. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

COUNTRY Cottage, Lammermuir Hills, 2 bedrooms, electricity, etc. Lovely spot. Furnished. 5gns. weekly. Graham, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer & wife req. mod. unfurn. flat, ½ hr. cent. Lond. Box 1650.

## PROPERTIES FOR SALE

OLD Hampstead. Georgian cottage in loveliest part. Freehold. £5,950 or offer. Box 1654.

WARWICK Ave., W.9. Large house £1,450 plus £100 p.a. ground rent for 9-year lease. 3 flats: 2 occupied, 1 vacant (4 rooms, kitchen, bath). MAI. 6152, evgs.

CHISWICK artist selling houseboat for psychological reasons: Ideal children, dog or Rent Bill victims. Insured £2,000. CHI. 3821/2093. Box 1671.

SEMI-retirement with income. Near Henley. 2 large glasshouses, 3 acres, modern 4-bedroomed house. Assured outlet for produce. Skilled labour available. £5,600, part mortgage. Box 1558.

GEORGIAN house, carefully modernised, outskirts country town, Essex/Suffolk border; 5 bedrooms, garage, secluded garden. Freehold £4,000. Photographs. Box 1653.

BETTER than a Cottage at half the price. Houseboat for Sale. Essex seaside sailing resort, ex-Bristol Pilot Cutter converted in character, newly painted & varnished, sleep 5 plus, main elecric, hot water, cooking, flush lav., £500, fully equipped, immediate occupation. Box 1497.

SECLUDED bay E. of Plymouth Sound, delightful house with S. aspect & glorious sea views. All mains, 1 rec. (30ft. × 14ft.), large kitchen, 4/5 beds (3 h. & c.), conservatory, garage, ½-acre garden with small orchard £3,250. Box 1441.

BETWEEN Winchester and Southampton. In a district with excellent demand for a High-class Preparatory School for Day Boys. Oakwood House School, Otterbourne, containing 14 Dormitories and Bedrooms, 5 Bathrooms, 7 Classrooms and Common Rooms, Dining Hall, Changing Rooms, Outbuildings, Gardens and Playing Fields. About 10 acres. Immediate possession. To be Sold by Auction April 17 next. Auctioneers Fox & Sons, 32/34 London Road, Southampton, and 44/50 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and Rebbeck Bros., The Square, Bournemouth.

## WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm; modern amenities; sea near, ideal home families on leave. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

LAKE District National Park. Hassness Hotel stands in 20 acres of beautiful grounds on the shores of Buttermere. Wonderful scenery, magnificent walking country, fishing and boating. Brochure from Manager, Hassness, Buttermere, Cumberland.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort and good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

EASTER in Cornwall. Easy reach sea, moors, lovely Fowey valley. Own eggs, cream, orchard to laze in. Write Elsie Bourke, Tallands, Higher Polsoe, Lostwithiel.

RYE, The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., **A.A. Licensed. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers tasteful food, atmosphere & cent. heating. Fr. 7½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. (Full Easter). Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

FOR Springtime holidays in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London), Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers ideal accommodation.

BARMOUTH, Wales, Marine Mansion Private Hotel at sea's edge. A.A. & R.A.C. Miles of sands, lovely inland walks. 9 to 12gns. Broch. from N. S. Jackson.

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads. Beautiful scenery, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

SUSSEX. Whitrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Close Station. Everything home-made. From 6gns.

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

THE Hallams, nr. Guildford, for really restful and happy holidays or weekends. Beautiful country surroundings, friendly atmosphere, excellent food. Vacancies until July 5, but fully booked Easter and Whitsun w'ends. 'Phone Bramley 3068.

CORNWALL. Spring, summer or autumn holidays in the lovely surroundings of a small 400-year-old country mansion. In easy reach of North and South coast beaches, sailing, surfing, riding, golf or just relaxing plus excellent food, geniality and comfort, special facilities for children. Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Hamilton, Hengar, St. Tudy.

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—cont. from page 460

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25 miles London (40 min. train), a farm of your own, £3,000. Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

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TEACHER of the mentally handicapped avail. for private instruction. Box 1551.

TEACHER, no children, husband working August, seeks job that month. Anything with reasonable remuneration. Able to drive. Slight office experience. Box 1552.

BABY-sitter required for occasional evenings, Hatch End, Pinner. Professional family. Suit local student. HAT. 5262.

HOL. post reqd. by lady (31, ed. Bedford), daughter 7. Apr. 26-May 4. Aug. 17-31. Driver, cook, music-lover. Box 1555.

GLOBE-trotter, 30, exp. land, sea, air, A.I.L. (French & German), some Spanish, available Europe short periods from weekend to fortnight as secretary, researcher, shepherdess or errand-girl. Box 1608.

2 grads. (f), co-driver, req. car-lift Rome Easter. Ret. 10 days. Weybridge 5324.

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## PERSONAL—continued

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